No. 8
PEP COMICS
ACTION DETECTIVE ADVENTURE
SEPT. 10¢
THE SHIELD!!
G-MAN EXTRAORDINARY

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THE SHIELD
G-MAN EXTRAORDINARY
BY IRVING NOUSKY AND HARRY SHORTEN
OUR COUNTRY HAS FOSTERED MANY GLORIOUS PATRIOTS WHO HAVE GIVEN THEIR ALL IN ITS DEFENSE.... BUT NONE WHO HAVE BEEN MORE UNSELFISH IN HIS SACRIFICES, MORE COURAGEOUS IN ITS DEFENSE, MORE DESTRUCTIVE TO ITS ENEMIES THAN THAT G-MAN EXTRAORDINARY, THE SHIELD... KNOWN IN HIS TRUE IDENTITY AS JOE HIGGINS, ONLY BY THE CHIEF OF THE F.B.I..
OPENING NIGHT AT GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATRE IN HOLLYWOOD..
YOUR PICTURE LOOKS LIKE A HIT, JOHN..
YES, BUT I'M WORRIED ABOUT THAT SUMMONS--I HAD NO IDEA THAT THE JEWELERY I BOUGHT WAS SMUGGLED!
I FEEL TERRIBLE. I INTRODUCED YOU TO THOSE JEWELLERS!
FORGET IT.. YOU DIDN'T KNOW THEY WERE SMUGGLERS

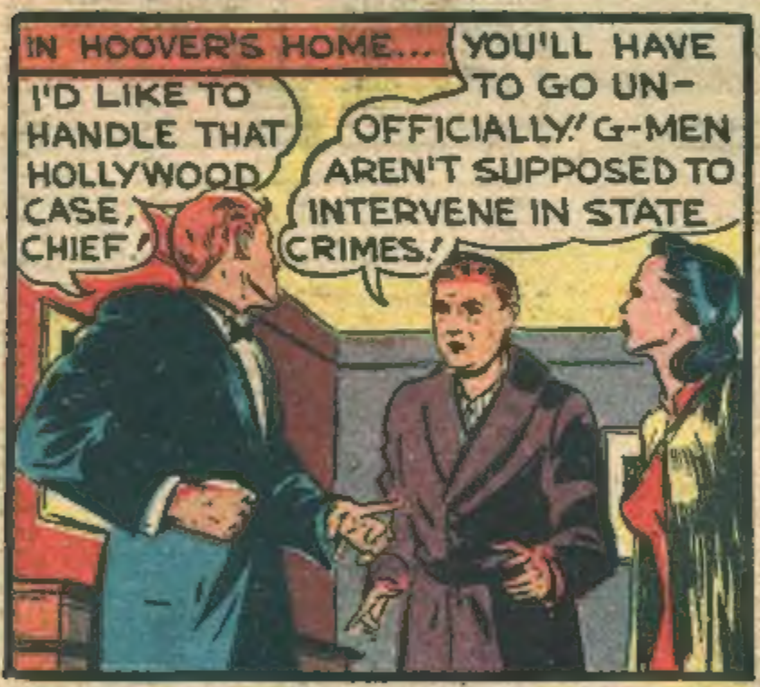
JOHN LOVERIDGE'S LATEST PICTURE IS PREVIEWED..
THE PICTURE DRAWS TO AN END IN A CRASHING CLIMAX.
AND NOW, YOUR TIME HAS COME!
HELP!
BANG
THE LIGHTS ARE FLASHED ON, AND...
HELP! LOVERIDGE WAS MURDERED! THE SHOT CAME FROM THE SCREEN!
THE POLICE ARRIVE...
SEARCH EVERYBODY SITTING NEAR LOVERIDGE FOR WEAPONS!
THE BULLET WHISTLED BY MY EAR!
IT SOUNDS NUTS!.. BUT THE WAY THE BULLET HIT HIM... IT MIGHT HAVE COME FROM THE SCREEN!
..AND THERE WASN'T ANYBODY SITTING IN FRONT OF THEM!
I INSPECTED THE SCREEN AND THE STAGE...NOT A CLUE!
WOTTA STORY! LOVERIDGE SHOOTS HIMSELF FROM THE SCREEN! THE CHIEF'LL THROW ME IN THE BOOBY HATCH!
THE NEXT DAY... BEN JACKEY, ANOTHER MOVIE STAR, RECEIVES A COURT SUMMONS FOR THE PURCHASE OF SMUGGLED JEWELERY.
DRIVE TO THE POLICE STATION, JIMMIE

I KNEW THAT THE JEWELERY THEY SOLD ME WAS TOO CHEAP... I'LL TELL THE POLICE EVERYTHING I KNOW!
JACKEY LIFTS THE MOUTHPIECE TO TALK TO HIS CHAUFFEUR...AND...
BJ-4
WHAT HAPPENED?
HE STARTED TO TALK INTO THE MOUTHPIECE. ...AND THERE WAS AN EXPLOSION!
THAT'S ALL I KNOW!
THE WEIRD MURDERS ARE FEATURED BY THE NEWS PAPERS...
AND GET THIS CHIEF! BIFF CROSSLEY IS THE THIRD GUY IN THIS SMUGGLED DIAMOND RACKET! BOY! IS HE SCARED!
THAT NIGHT... IN STATION W-S-G-G...
AND NOW, WE PRESENT THE BRADY'S BETTER BACON PROGRAM... STARRING BIFF CROSSLEY!
THEY'LL TRY TO KILL ME, NEXT... MAYBE TONIGHT...I..I MUST DO SOMETHING!
AT THAT MOMENT...BETTY WARREN IS ENTERTAINING JOE HIGGINS.
LET'S LISTEN TO THE BIFF CROSSLEY PROGRAM.
3.

AN AMAZING ANNOUNCEMENT COMES OVER THE AIR..
THIS IS BIFF CROSSLEY...I APPEAL TO THE SHIELD, WHEREVER HE MAY BE, TO HELP ME! HE'S THE ONLY ONE...AWRKK!
WHY THAT'S YOUR FRIEND, JOE!
THE SHIELD!

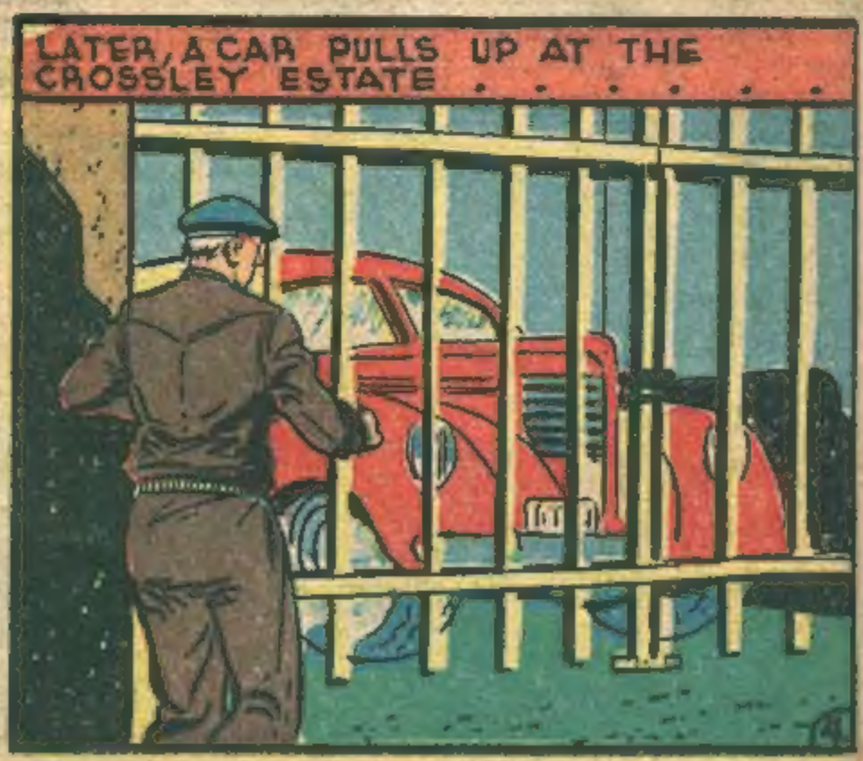
LET GO! I DON'T WANT TO DIE! THE SHIELD CAN SAVE ME!
THE PROGRAM WILL CONTINUE IN JUST A MOMENT...

ER..THAT'S RIGHT... HE'S MY FRIEND... WHEREVER HE GOES, I GO! RIGHT NOW WE'RE BOTH GOING TO HOLLYWOOD!
BUT NOT WITHOUT ME!


IN HOOVER'S HOME...
I'D LIKE TO HANDLE THAT HOLLYWOOD CASE, CHIEF!
YOU'LL HAVE TO GO UNOFFICIALLY! G-MEN AREN'T SUPPOSED TO INTERVENE IN STATE CRIMES!

DAYS LATER...A SINISTER GROUP CONVENES . . . .
THE HEAT'S ON! THE POLICE ARE GETTING WISE TO OUR SMUGGLING SYNDICATE—WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!

THERE'S JUST ONE MORE PERSON WHO CAN BLOW US ALL SKY-HIGH! YOU KNOW WHO I MEAN—GET GOING!


LATER, A CAR PULLS UP AT THE CROSSLEY ESTATE . . . . . .

CAN'T LET ANYBODY IN. I GOT STRICT ORDERS!
DON'T ARGUE WITH THE MUG, JOE.
YEAH? WELL, THIS GAT SAYS DIFFERENT, SUCKER!
WHILE INSIDE THE HOUSE!
BUT YOU'VE GOT TO COME TO THE STUDIO, BIFF. I'M YOUR LEADING LADY AND YOU'RE HOLDING UP PRODUCTION!
NO, NO! THEY'LL KILL ME!
JUST THEN.....
START PUMPIN' LEAD, SLUG, AND LET'S GET THE JOB DONE!
D...DON'T SHOOT. P...PLEASE!
COUNT ME IN ON THIS PARTY, BOYS!
THE SHIELD! HELP!
OW! NOW WE'RE SUNK!
COME ON NOW. YOU MUGS ARE GOING TO TELL ME WHO IS BEHIND THESE MURDERS!
O.K. SHIELD, I'LL TALK!
SUDDENLY A BULLET WHISTLES PAST THE SHIELD'S EAR!
AAGH! I'M SHOT!
THE SHIELD LEAPS TO THE WINDOW!
WHOEVER FIRED THAT SHOT SURE GOT AWAY IN A HURRY!

MEANWHILE, BETTY DOES SOME SLEUTHING ON HER OWN
I'M BETTY WARREN. I'D LIKE TO APPLY FOR AN "EXTRA" ROLE IN BIFF CROSSLEY'S PICTURE.
UH.. BETTY WARREN.. ER SURE - JUST THE TYPE! WE'VE GOT A GREAT PART FOR YOU!
OH THANK YOU!
BETTY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I'VE GOT MYSELF A JOB WHERE I CAN ALSO KEEP AN EYE ON BIFF CROSSLEY
BUT YOU CAN'T DO THAT! THIS BUSINESS IS TOO DANGEROUS!
IT WON'T BE DANGEROUS FOR ME! G-MAN
THERE'S THAT G MAN THE BOSS TOLD US ABOUT
OKAY! LET'S GET HIM!
QUIET, MUG, INTO THE CAR
HEY WHAT'S THIS!
I'LL JUST PLAY POSSUM. MAYBE I'LL FIND SOMETHING.
THEY'RE USING ONE OF THE STUDIO HOUSES FOR THEIR HEADQUARTERS. THAT MEANS-
OUTSIDE YOU!
6

HERE HE IS!
YEAH! AND THAT DAME WITH HIM IS ALSO TAKEN CARE OF. WAIT'LL SHE TRIES TO OPEN THE COMPACT IN HER DRESSING ROOM!
JUPITER! BETTY'S IN DANGER!
THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON WE'RE AFRAID OF.....THE SHIELD! YOU KNOW WHO HE IS AND YOU'RE GOING TO TELL US OR ELSE!
OR ELSE WHAT!...
OR ELSE WE'LL MAKE IT VERY UNCOMFORTABLE FOR YOU. TAKE OFF HIS SHOES, BOYS!
HEY DON'T!
A RED HOT POKER AGAINST YOUR FEET OUGHT TO LOOSEN YOUR TONGUE!
GREAT SCOT! IF THEY TAKE OFF MY SHOES, MY BOOTS UNDERNEATH WILL BE A DEAD GIVE-AWAY!
THIS IS THE MOST PRECARIOUS SITUATION THE SHIELD HAS EVER FACED. IF HE RESISTS, OR SUBMITS HE WILL BE DISCOVERED. WILL THE SHIELD'S REAL IDENTITY BE UNCOVERED!
SAY I SMELL SOMETHING FUNNY!
YES, ME TOO!
SOMEONE'S LOCKED THE DOOR!
WE....COUGH...COUGH..... WE'VE BEEN DOUBLE-CROSSED!
I'M...COUGH... I'M CHOKIN' TO DEATH!
MUSTARD GAS! IT'S AFFECTING MY LUNGS!

THE LUNG-SEARING MUSTARD GAS TAKES IMMEDIATE EFFECT
THEY'RE ALL DEAD... ...AND I'M HALF-DEAD MYSELF.....WAIT A MINUTE. SOMEBODY'S COMING IN!

IF I TACKLE HIM NOW, I MAY LOSE TIME—AND EVERY SECOND BRINGS BETTY CLOSER TO HER DEATH!

MEANWHILE, BETTY MAKES UP FOR HER ROLE
WHY, IT HARDLY SEEMS POSSIBLE! I SIMPLY APPLIED FOR AN EXTRA'S JOB, AND THEY GAVE ME A DRESSING ROOM OF MY OWN!
I GUESS THEY MUST HAVE SEEN SOME TALENT IN ME!

MY WHAT AN ODD-LOOKING COMPACT! THIS LITTLE BUTTON SEEMS TO BE THE ONE TO OPEN IT!

SUDDENLY
BETTY! DON'T OPEN THAT COMPACT!
THE SHIELD!

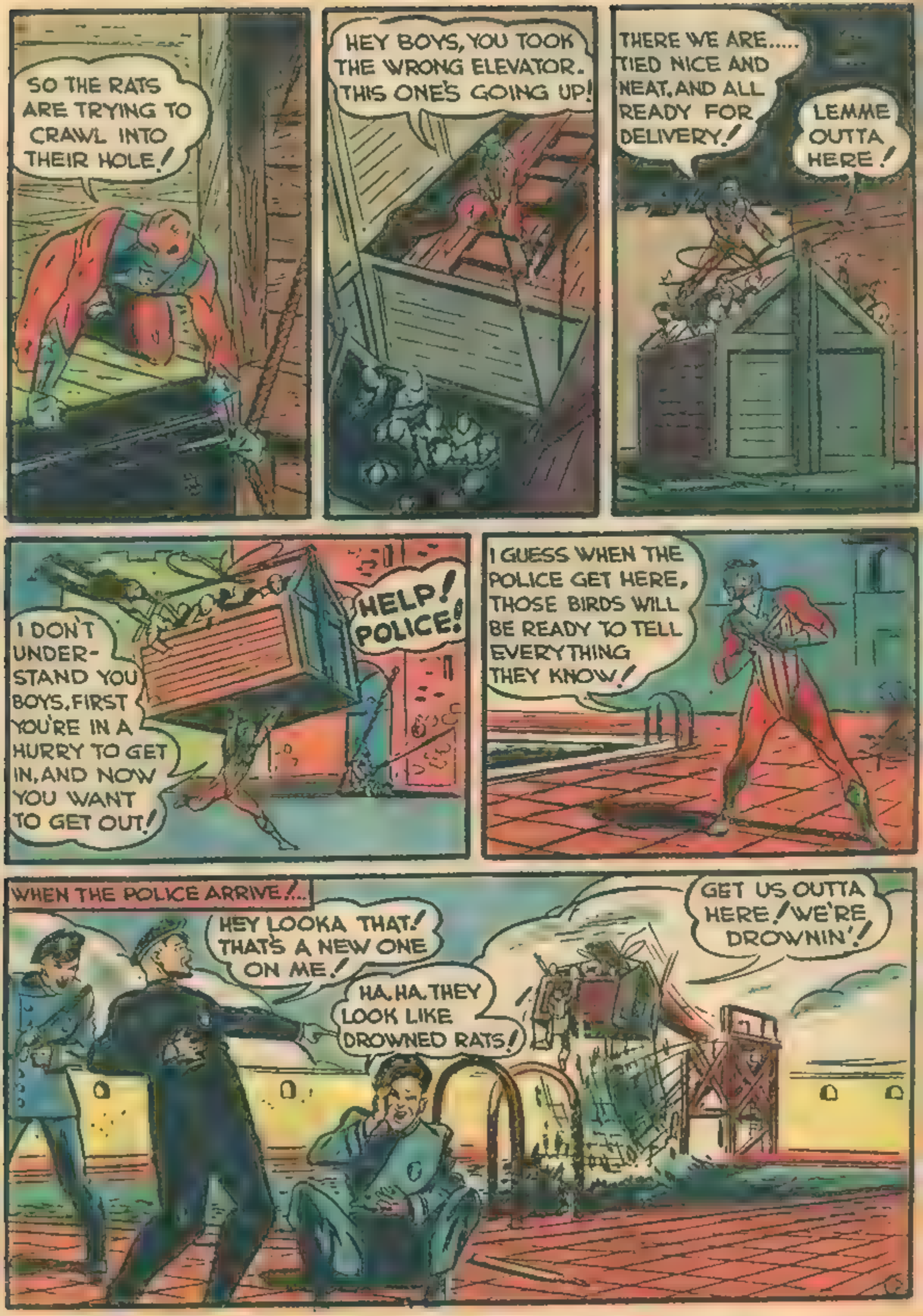
JOHN LOVERIDGE OPENED IT ONCE FOR JOYCE LARUE..... AND YOU REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM.
GOOD HEAVENS! BUT... HOW... WHAT...

PERFECTLY SIMPLE..... SEE? THE BULLET STRUCK HIM BETWEEN THE EYES!
AND... AND.. IT WOULD HAVE KILLED ME, IF.....

SORRY BUT I CAN'T WAIT FOR THANKS!
PRODUCTION ON THE CROSSLEY PICTURE IS HELD UP!
WHERE IS THAT YELLOW PUP, CROSSLEY. YOU TOLD ME HE WOULD SHOW UP!
HE SAID HE WOULD. MAYBE HE GOT SCARED AT THE LAST MOMENT!
CROSSLEY ARRIVES!
I'M...I'M...READY TO GO TO WORK!
THANK HEAVENS! YOU CAN GET RID OF THOSE GORILLAS. YOU'RE SAFE ENOUGH NOW!
QUIET EVERYBODY! WE'RE ABOUT TO BEGIN SHOOTING!
OKAY! THERE'S THE SIGNAL, SLUG!
I'LL GIVE IT ALL THE JUICE ITS GOT!
AT THAT MOMENT ATOP ONE OF THE CRANES!
STAY WHERE YOU ARE! FIRST ONE TO MOVE EATS LEAD!
WHAT'S THIS! I....

SUDDENLY...A BRILLIANT BLINDING SPOTLIGHT IS FOCUSED ONTO THE SETTING BELOW!
I...I... CAN'T SEE!
HELP! THEY'RE GOING TO KILL ME!
BOY, THIS IS A CINCH! WITH THIS LIGHT, I CAN'T MISS!
VERY CLEVER! AND NOW I'LL START TO ACT CUTE!
IT'S THE SHIELD! I'M GETTIN' OUTTA HERE!
NOT BEFORE I DO!
HOW'D HE GET HERE!
I DON'T KNOW BUT I AIN'T STAYIN' TO FIND OUT!
WAIT A MINUTE BOYS, I'LL HELP YOU DOWN!

HOW'S THAT FOR SERVICE!
BULL'S EYE! I HAVEN'T LOST MY PITCHING ARM, YET!
JOYCE LA RUE FRANTICALLY MAKES HER ESCAPE!
HE...HE'S INHUMAN! I KNOW A SECRET EXIT! IF ONLY.....
TRY TO KILL ME, WILL YOU, YOU... YOU SIREN!
LET GO OF ME!
BUT BETTY WARREN GIVES CHASE
I'LL ROUND UP THAT GANG! THE POLICE MAY NEED THEM FOR QUESTIONING!
THE KILLERS RUN ONTO A MINING LOCATION!
HERE'S A MINING SHAFT WITH AN ELEVATOR. LET'S GET IN!
MINING CORP.
WE'RE SAFE NOW, HE'LL NEVER GET US!
YEAH! WE SURE OUTSMARTED HIM!


SO THE RATS ARE TRYING TO CRAWL INTO THEIR HOLE!
HEY BOYS, YOU TOOK THE WRONG ELEVATOR. THIS ONE'S GOING UP!
THERE WE ARE..... TIED NICE AND NEAT, AND ALL READY FOR DELIVERY!
LEMME OUTTA HERE!
I DON'T UNDER-STAND YOU BOYS. FIRST YOU'RE IN A HURRY TO GET IN, AND NOW YOU WANT TO GET OUT!
HELP! POLICE!
I GUESS WHEN THE POLICE GET HERE, THOSE BIRDS WILL BE READY TO TELL EVERYTHING THEY KNOW!
WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE!...
HEY LOOKA THAT! THAT'S A NEW ONE ON ME!
HA. HA. THEY LOOK LIKE DROWNED RATS!
GET US OUTTA HERE! WE'RE DROWNIN'!

JOE HIGGINS REAPPEARS!
HEY, CROSSLEY! WAIT A MINUTE!
WHY IT'S HIGGINS! I'M CERTAINLY GLAD TO SEE YOU!
BETTY BRINGS BACK HER WOMAN!
WELL, MR. SMARTY HIGGINS! I CAPTURED THE RING-LEADER, JOYCE LA RUE!
GOOD WORK, BETTY! ONLY, SHE ISN'T THE RING-LEADER!
IT'S BIFF CROSSLEY! YOU DIDN'T KNOW THAT EITHER, HUH, MISS LA RUE!
WHY... YOU'RE MAD! EVERYBODY KNOWS THEY TRIED TO KILL ME!
C... CROSSLEY! B... BUT HOW..
YEAH! EVERYBODY EXCEPT ME. I RECOGNIZED YOU BEHIND THAT GAS MASK WHEN YOU CAME IN TO MAKE SURE WE WERE ALL DEAD!
YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE!
WHY CROSSLEY'S DEAD. WHAT HAPPENED?
HE JUST SAVED THE STATE THE EXPENSE OF EXECUTING HIM.... THE REST OF HIS OUTFIT, WHOM HE DOUBLED CROSSED ARE ON LOT 4!
THAT BROADCAST FOR THE SHIELD WAS A SMART TRICK. IT DIVERTED SUSPICION - CROSSLEY HAD EVEN HIS OWN GANG FOOLED. NO ONE KNEW WHAT HE LOOKED LIKE. THINGS WERE GETTING TOO HOT SO HE DECIDED TO RUB OUT HIS OWN ORGANIZATION - JOYCE LA RUE FIRST...
BUT.... CROSSLEY TOLD US THEY CAME TO HIS HOUSE TO KILL HIM.
IT WAS MISS LA RUE THEY WERE AFTER. SHE DIDN'T KNOW IT, BUT SHE ALMOST GAVE THE SIGNAL FOR HER OWN DEATH!
WELL, I'LL BE..
THE SHIELD HAS MORE BLOOD-CURDLING ADVENTURES IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF PEP COMICS

THE COMET
JOHN DICKERING, A YOUNG SCIENTIST, HAS DISCOVERED A GAS WHICH, WHEN INJECTED INTO THE BLOODSTREAM, ALLOWS HIM TO MAKE GREAT FLIGHTS THROUGH THE AIR. THE GAS ALSO CAUSES HIS EYES TO GIVE OFF A DISINTEGRATING RAY THAT ONLY GLASS WILL STOP! DUE TO CRIMES HE COMMITTED WHILE UNDER THE SPELL OF AN EVIL HYPNOTIST, THE COMET IS WANTED BY THE POLICE, BUT—AIDED BY THELMA GORDON, A YOUNG NEWSPAPERWOMAN, AND THE ONLY PERSON WHO KNOWS HIS TRUE IDENTITY, THE COMET CONDUCTS A ONE-MAN WAR AGAINST CRIME AND OPPRESSION!
A CROWDED SHOPPING DISTRICT IN A BUSTLING EASTERN CITY.
A BOOMING VOICE BLARES FORTH FROM NOWHERE!
PREPARE TO DIE! THE MASTER SPEAKS!
WAVES OF HIGH-VOLTAGE ELECTRICITY MOW DOWN SCORES OF INNOCENT CITIZENS!

THE GOVERNOR MEETS WITH HIS BOARD!
GENTLEMEN, THE REASON FOR THE MASS MURDER IS CLEAR! I HAVE THIS NOTE FROM THE FIEND WHO DID IT! HE DEMANDS ONE MILLION DOLLARS OR HE'LL REPEAT THE HORRIBLE CRIME!
THE STATE LEGISLATURE MEETS IN EMERGENCY SESSION!
I PROPOSE WE MEET THE DEMANDS OF THIS MADMAN AND SPARE THE LIVES OF THE CITIZENS OF THIS FAIR STATE!
SUDDENLY—THE COMET FLASHES INTO VIEW!
YOU CAN'T GIVE IN TO THE WHIMS OF A MURDERER! YOU'VE GOT TO FIGHT HIM! GIVE ME 24 HOURS AND - - -
THE COMET! SHOOT TO KILL!
STILL TRYING TO KILL ME, HUH? WELL, HERE'S WHERE I LEAVE!
2

I'VE GOT TO TALK TO THELMA! IF WE CAN GET HER NEWSPAPER TO TAKE A FIRM STAND, WE'VE GOT A CHANCE!
LATER—IN THELMA GORDON'S APARTMENT
I AGREE WITH YOU, JOHN! BUT THE PEOPLE ARE PANIC-STRICKEN!
IF WE ONLY KNEW WHERE THAT FIEND WOULD STRIKE NEXT!
AT THAT INSTANT, THE VOICE OF TERROR BOOMS!
PREPARE TO DIE! THE MASTER SPEAKS!
SO THEY'RE PLAYING RIGHT IN OUR OWN BACKYARD!
ABOVE THE CROWDED STREET, THE COMET LIFTS HIS VISOR!
I HOPE THIS WORKS!
THE DISINTEGRATING RAY FROM THE COMET'S EYES DESTROYS THE ELECTRICAL WAVES!
HA! THAT'S WHAT I HOPED WOULD HAPPEN!
THE DAILY BLAST
EXCLUSIVE !!!.. BY THELMA GORDON
COMET THWARTS FIEND'S DEATH RAY

MEANWHILE, IN A ROOM NOT FAR AWAY!
THE COMET MUST BE DESTROYED! I-THE MASTER COMMAND IT!
COMET THWARTS FIENDS
BUT HOW, BOSS? NOBODY KNOWS WHO HE IS!
EVERY TIME THE COMET PULLS ONE OF HIS STUNTS, THIS THELMA GORDON HAS THE EXCLUSIVE STORY! IT CAN'T BE COINCIDENCE - SHE MUST KNOW HIM! GET THAT GIRL!
AS THELMA GORDON LEAVES HER OFFICE!
TAKE IT EASY, SIS!
YOU'RE COMIN' WITH US, BABY!
NO USE, BOSS! SHE WON'T TALK!
OKAY! NOW LISTEN, SISTER! YOU'RE GOING TO WRITE A NOTE TO YOUR PAPER.
IS THELMA GORDON SAVING HER LIFE AT THE COST OF OTHERS?
I CAN'T STAND ANY MORE! I'LL WRITE IT!
YOU'RE GOING TO SAY THAT THE FIRST TIME THE COMET INTERFERES WITH US-YOU DIE!
BILL! TEAR OUT THE FRONT PAGE! HERE'S A NOTE FROM THELMA AND WE'RE RUNNING IT!
THE DAILY BLAST
REPORTER KIDNAPPED BY MASS MURDERER! SENDS NOTE TO PAPER!
I AM BEING HELD CAPTIVE BY A MAN WHOSE IDEA OF COMEDY IS EVIDENTLY TO BE SO COMPLETELY TENACIOUS IN HIS DEMANDS THAT THE GOVERNOR WILL CHERISH THE LIVES OF THE MAN IN THE STREET TO SUCH AN EXTENT THAT.....
4

THE COMET WAITS PATIENTLY FOR THE EVENING PAPER. THEN..
OUR PLAN IS WORKING! HERE'S THE MESSAGE FROM THELMA!
BY READING THE LAST WORDS IN EACH SENTENCE, THE COMET DISCOVERS WHERE THELMA IS BEING HELD!
CAPTIVE, COME— TO TEN- THAT CHER- STREET
TEN THATCHER STREET, HUH? THAT'S IT RIGHT BELOW HERE!
OKAY, BOYS! TAKE THE MACHINE TO BROAD AND WALL AND LET 'EM HAVE IT! WE'LL GET THAT MONEY, OR ELSE!
AM I IN TIME FOR TEA, FELLOWS?
THE G-G-COMET!
YOUR TERRORISM IS ALL OVER! HERE'S WHERE—
DON'T LIFT THAT VISOR!
THE MASTER MIND SLYLY PRESSES A BUTTON!
A NET OF SPUN GLASS DROPS FROM THE CEILING!
5

THE COMET'S DISINTEGRATING RAY WILL NOT PIERCE THE SPUN GLASS NET!
YOU SEE, MR. COMET, WE ARE PREPARED FOR EVERYTHING!
NICE WORK, THELMA!
HEY! LOOK OUT!
THELMA THROWS THE SWITCH!
WHO ARE YOU, ANYWAY?
HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? I'M THE MASTER!
THE RAY FROM THE MACHINE, MEETING THE COMET'S RAY, COMPLETELY DIS - SOLVES THE GLASS NET
WHILE THE COMET STALLS FOR TIME....
BOOM!
YOU DIDN'T GIVE THOSE INNOCENT PEOPLE A CHANCE! I'M NOT GIVING YOU A CHANCE, EITHER!
A FEW MINUTES LATER!
THAT'S THE END OF TEN THATCHER STREET AND THE DEATH MACHINE!
THE DAILY BLAST
EXTRA! COMET WIPES OUT MASTER MIND! EXTRA! MAD SCIENTIST'S DEATH MACHINE DESTROYED!
BY- THELMA GORDON
WUXTRY! COMET WIPES OUT DEATH MACHINE! WUXTRY!
YOU SHOULD FEEL PROUD OF YOURSELF JOHN!
WHY? IF A COP RECOGNIZED ME, I'D BE SHOT DOWN THIS MINUTE! THAT'S THE KIND OF A LIFE I'M DESTINED TO LIVE!

MORE ADVENTURES of THE COMET IN THE NEW ISSUE OF PEP COMICS

PERRY CHASE.... PRESS GUARDIAN

BY MESKIN AND SUNDELL

ONLY CYNTHIA BLAKE, PERRY CHASE'S SECRETARY, KNOWS THAT PERRY CHASE IS THE DAUNTLESS AND MUCH FEARED *PRESS GUARDIAN*....

SEVERAL TIMES, THE WATERS OF NORTH HARBOR ARE ROCKED BY THUNDEROUS EXPLOSIONS AS THE CARGOES IN FREIGHT SHIPS MYSTERIOUSLY EXPLODE!

A REPORTER OF THE *DAILY EXPRESS*, SUSPECTING MORE THAN ACCIDENT, DISAPPEARS, AFTER QUESTIONING SEVERAL WATERFRONT CHARACTERS...

A SECOND REPORTER IS FOUND ON THE BEACH, WASHED UP BY THE TIDES, TWO DAYS LATER!

LOOK, POP, EVEN IF THOSE BLOWN UP SHIPS WERE ACCIDENTS, THOSE MURDERS WEREN'T! HOW ABOUT LETTING ME AND CYNTHIA TAKE OVER THIS STORY...

YOU STICK TO SOCIETY REPORTING, SON, THE POLICE CAN HANDLE THAT KIND OF BUSINESS!

IN THE PUBLISHER'S OFFICE OF THE *DAILY EXPRESS*...

WHERE ARE WE GOING, PERRY? WHY ARE WE HEADING DOWN TOWARDS THE DOCKS?
YOU DON'T THINK I'M LAYING OFF THIS CASE JUST BECAUSE MY FATHER THINKS I SHOULD..... THOSE TWO DEAD REPORTERS WERE FRIENDS OF MINE.....YOU WAIT HERE WHILE I LOOK AROUND!
HMM....LOADING UP....MUST BE GETTING READY TO LEAVE TONIGHT!
SUDDENLY....
THIS'LL SHOW YUH WE DON'T WANT YOUR KIND AROUND HERE!
SCRAM, SNOOPER! STAY IN YER OWN BACK YARD IF YAH DON'T WANT YER TOES STEPPED ON!
SURE BUD, BUT FIRST...
TRY THIS!
UGH!
HE'LL BE SAFE FOR AWHILE....AND WEARING HIS CLOTHES, I CAN MINGLE WITH THE CROWDS ON THE DOCK!

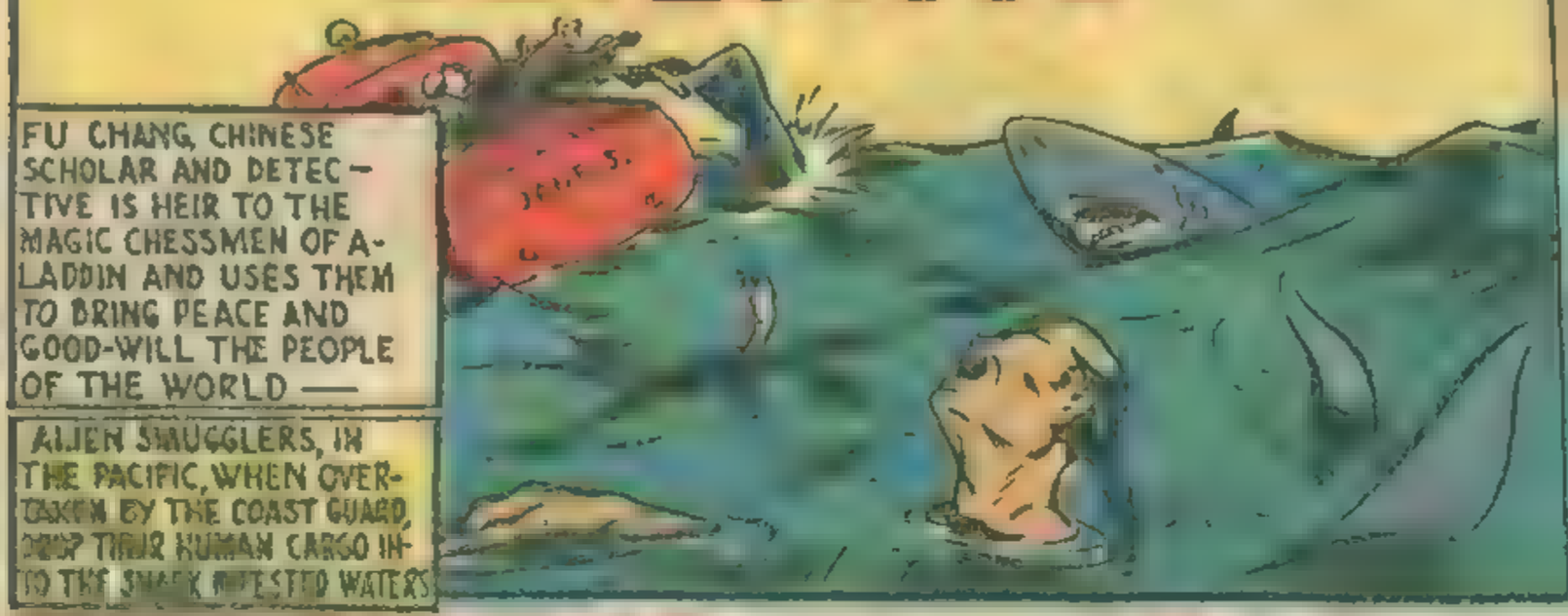
WOW! THEY'RE LOADING UP WITH GASOLINE. THAT COULD BLOW A BOAT SKY-HIGH IN TWO MINUTES!
HEY, SLUG! DID YA HEAR ABOUT..... HEY! YOU AIN'T SLUG!
BUT YOU'RE WEARIN' SLUG'S CLOTHES! YOU MUSTA KNOCKED SLUG OFF! HEY! MEN! A SNOOPER!
GET HIM!
NOT WHILE I'M STILL ON MY FEET!
HE WASN'T SO TOUGH!
PERRY FIGHTS BACK, BUT AFRAID THAT SOMEONE MAY RECOGNIZE HIM AS PERRY CHASE, WHO IS SUPPOSED TO BE A COWARD, HE ALLOWS HIMSELF TO BE OVERCOME!
TIE HIM UP AND THROW HIM INTO THE FREIGHTER'S GUEST ROOM!
3

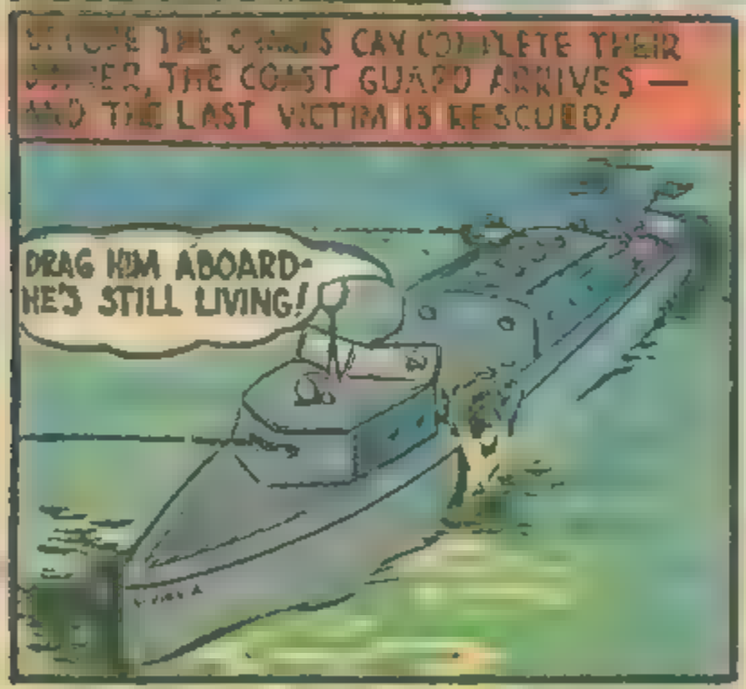
PARTY'S OVER, BOYS! GET YOUR HANDS UP!
CYNTHIA!
NICE LADIES DON'T PLAY WITH GUNS! I'M SO SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOUR DELIGHTFUL LITTLE GAME!
THE CLAW! I THOUGHT...
.....I WAS DEAD! I'M VERY SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, MISS BLAKE, BUT I'M STILL VERY MUCH ALIVE. AND THIS TIME THE GUN IS IN MY HANDS, AND I HAVE NO QUALMS ABOUT USING IT!
IT WAS A GOOD TRY, CYNTHIA!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH US?
YOU YELLOW DOG, I'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO MEDDLE IN MY AFFAIRS!
IN FIVE MINUTES WE'RE TAKING YOU OUT TO SEA IN THIS OLD TUB, AND WE'LL BLOW YOU SKY-HIGH WITH IT. NICE RACKET THIS..... I BUY OLD TUBS, CHANGE THEIR NAMES AND REGISTRATIONS, INSURE THEM TO THE HILT, AND THEN DESTROY THEM.... EASY MONEY, NO?
4

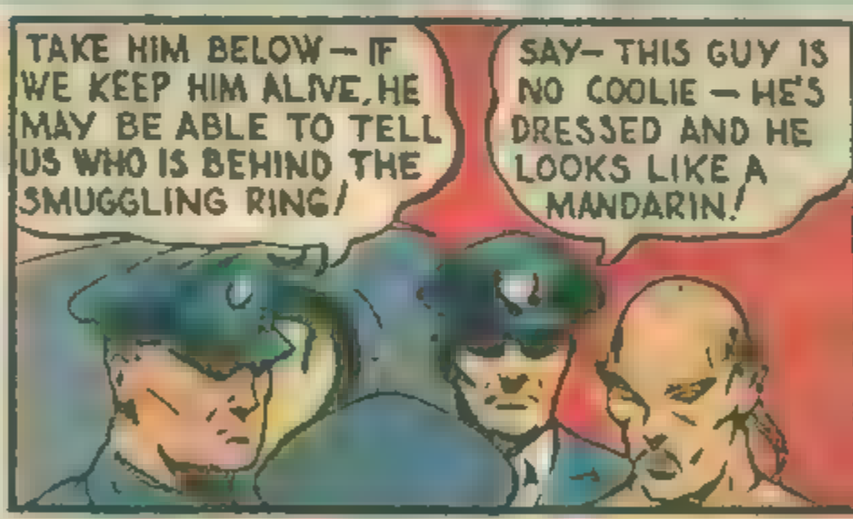
AFTER THE CLAW LEAVES, PERRY SEES A PUDDLE OF OIL ON THE FLOOR, AND DECIDES TO USE IT TO ATTEMPT TO LOOSEN HIS BONDS!
THAT DOES IT. THE OIL MAKES MY WRISTS SO GREASY, THE ROPE SLIPS RIGHT OFF!
GOOD! NOW UNTIE ME!
THE HINGES ON THE DOOR LOOK RUSTY. I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO!
WHEE-E
QUICK, CYN, DUCK OVER THE SIDE AND GET THE POLICE I'LL STOP THIS SHIP FROM SAILING!
HEY, YOU DIRTY DOGS! HERE I AM! COME AND GET ME!
THE SNOOPERS LOOSE, C'MON!
THERE HE GOES! AROUND THAT CABIN!
5

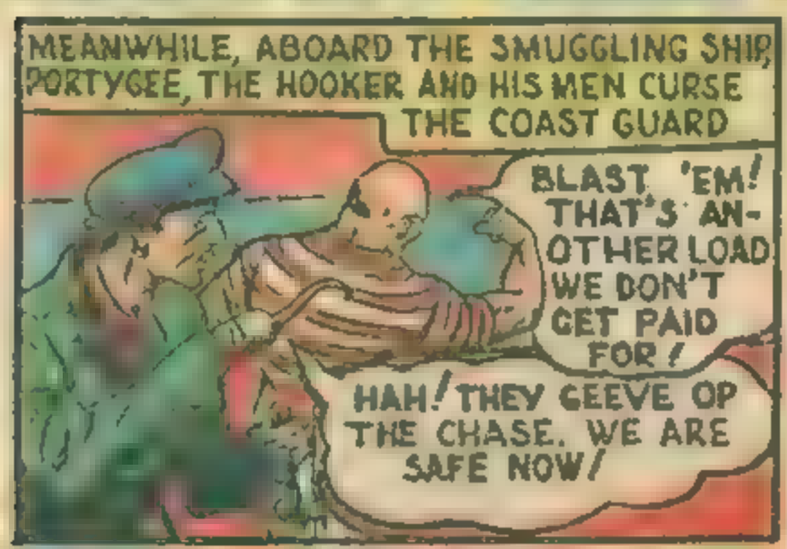
LOOKING FOR SOMEONE, BOYS!
MAY I JOIN THE PARTY?
THAT TAKES CARE OF THEM! OH-OH! HERE COMES CYNTHIA WITH THE POLICE! I BETTER DUCK OUT!
THAT ISN'T THE SNOOPER!
THAT'S—
THE—
PRESS GUARDIAN!
C'MON, YOU MUGS, THE NEXT WALTZ IS MINE!
THE PARTY'S OVER, BOYS! WE'VE GOT A SPECIAL CELL ALL RESERVED FOR YOU!
THE RACKET IS EXPOSED, AND THE INSURANCE COMPANIES WILL SEE THAT IT DOESN'T HAPPEN AGAIN..... BUT WHAT BECAME OF THE CLAW?
I SAW HIM DIVE OVERBOARD WHEN HE SAW ME..... ER--I MEAN THE PRESS GUARDIAN!
NEXT DAY!
6
MORE ADVENTURES OF The PRESS GUARDIAN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF PEP COMICS

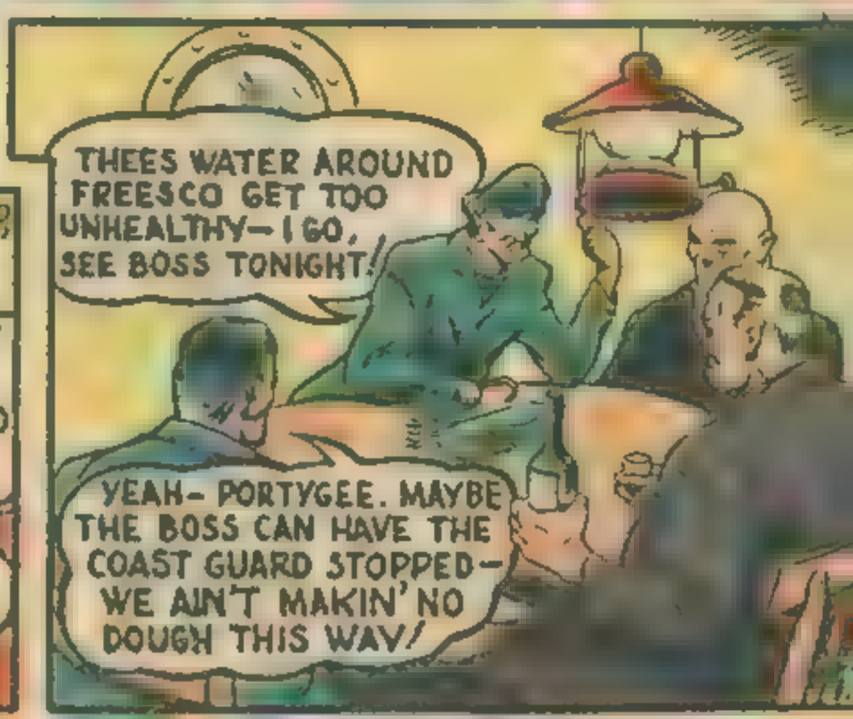
FU CHANG *International* DETECTIVE

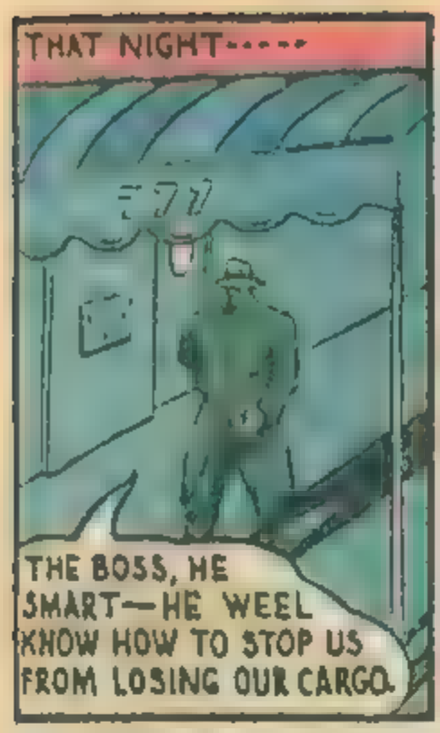

FU CHANG, CHINESE SCHOLAR AND DETECTIVE IS HEIR TO THE MAGIC CHESSMEN OF ALADDIN AND USES THEM TO BRING PEACE AND GOOD-WILL THE PEOPLE OF THE WORLD —
ALIEN SMUGGLERS, IN THE PACIFIC, WHEN OVERTAKEN BY THE COAST GUARD, DROP THEIR HUMAN CARGO INTO THE SHARK INFESTED WATERS


BEFORE THE CHINKS CAN COMPLETE THEIR MURDER, THE COAST GUARD ARRIVES — AND THE LAST VICTIM IS RESCUED!
DRAG HIM ABOARD— HE'S STILL LIVING!

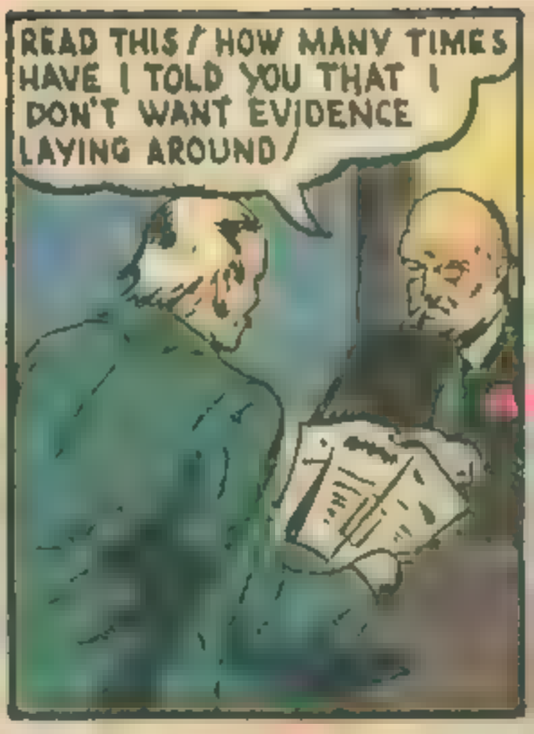

TAKE HIM BELOW — IF WE KEEP HIM ALIVE, HE MAY BE ABLE TO TELL US WHO IS BEHIND THE SMUGGLING RING!
SAY— THIS GUY IS NO COOLIE — HE'S DRESSED AND HE LOOKS LIKE A MANDARIN!

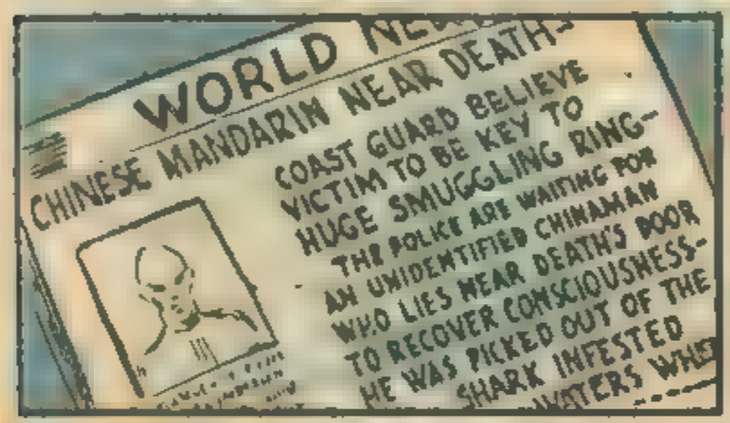

MEANWHILE, ABOARD THE SMUGGLING SHIP, PORTYGEE, THE HOOKER AND HIS MEN CURSE THE COAST GUARD
BLAST 'EM! THAT'S ANOTHER LOAD WE DON'T GET PAID FOR!
HAH! THEY CEEVE OP THE CHASE. WE ARE SAFE NOW!

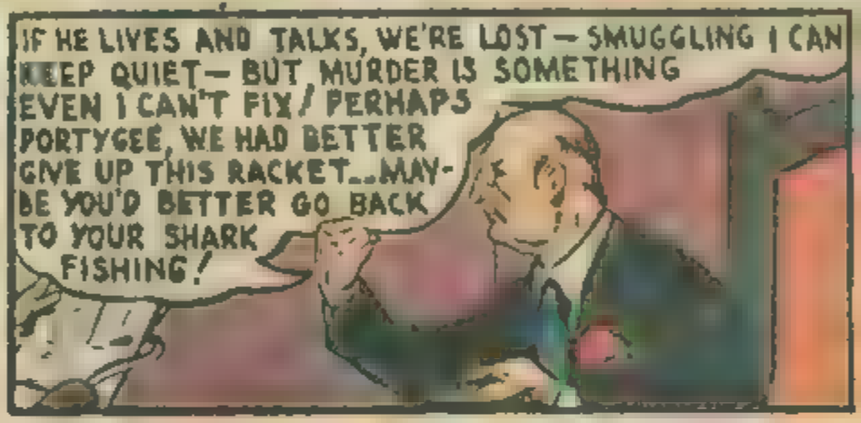

THEES WATER AROUND FREESCO GET TOO UNHEALTHY— I GO, SEE BOSS TONIGHT!
YEAH— PORTYGEE. MAYBE THE BOSS CAN HAVE THE COAST GUARD STOPPED— WE AIN'T MAKIN' NO DOUGH THIS WAY!

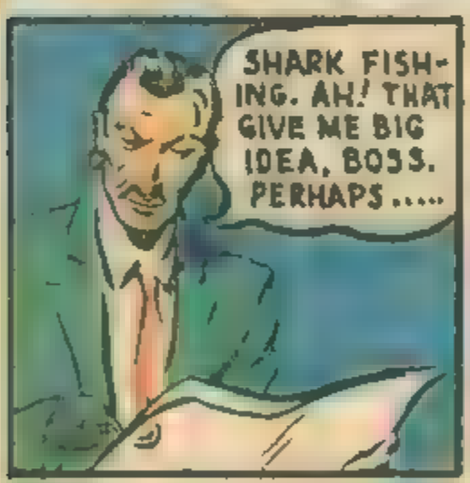

THAT NIGHT-----
THE BOSS, HE SMART—HE WEEL KNOW HOW TO STOP US FROM LOSING OUR CARGO.

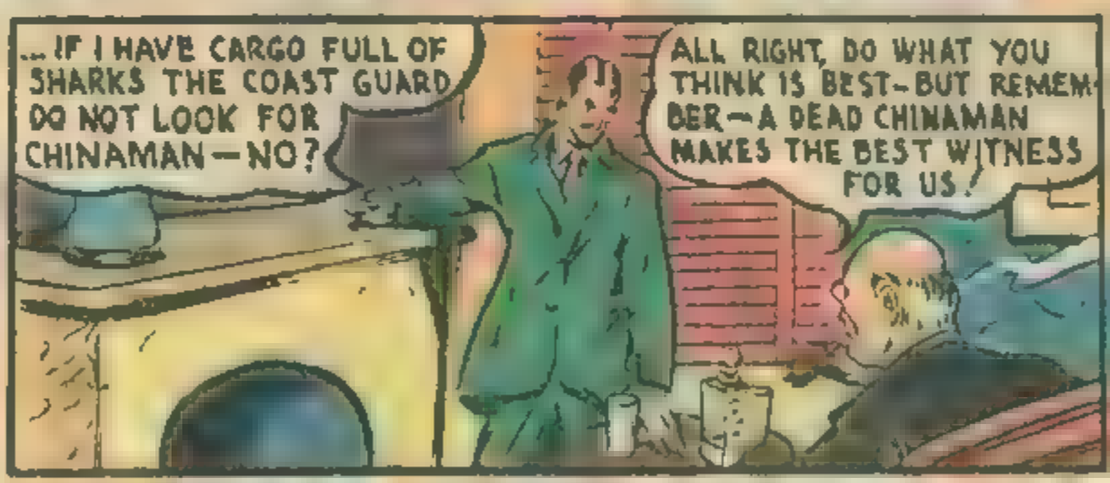
PORTYGEE - THE HOOKER, ENTERS THE APARTMENT OF COMMISSIONER WARREN—
ALLO BOSS—NICE NIGHT, NO/
NO IS RIGHT/ HAVE YOU SEEN THIS PAPER — YOU BUNGLING FOOL!

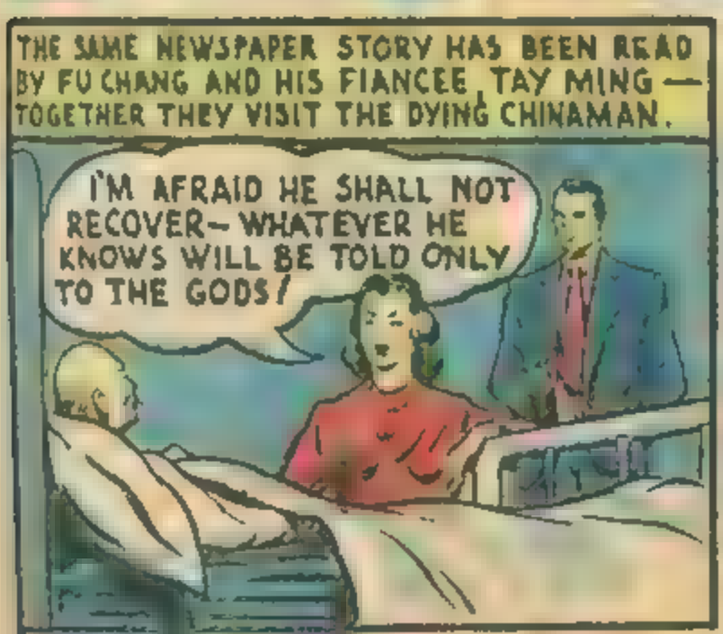

READ THIS / HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU THAT I DON'T WANT EVIDENCE LAYING AROUND/


WORLD NE
CHINESE MANDARIN NEAR DEATH-
COAST GUARD BELIEVE VICTIM TO BE KEY TO HUGE SMUGGLING RING-
THE POLICE ARE WAITING FOR AN UNIDENTIFIED CHINAMAN WHO LIES NEAR DEATH'S DOOR TO RECOVER CONSCIOUSNESS-
HE WAS PICKED OUT OF THE SHARK INFESTED
WATERS WHE

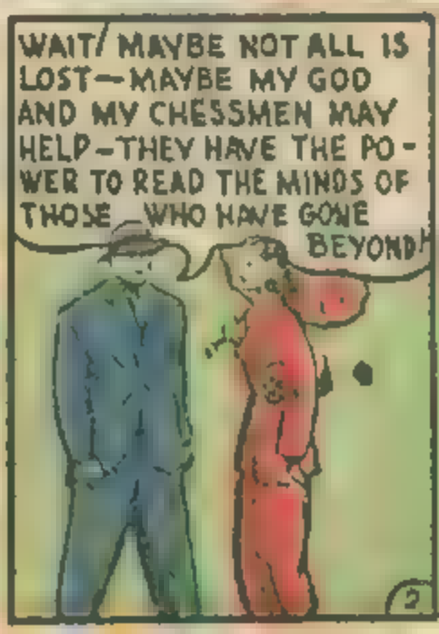

IF HE LIVES AND TALKS, WE'RE LOST — SMUGGLING I CAN KEEP QUIET— BUT MURDER IS SOMETHING EVEN I CAN'T FIX/ PERHAPS PORTYGEE, WE HAD BETTER GIVE UP THIS RACKET...MAY-BE YOU'D BETTER GO BACK TO YOUR SHARK FISHING!

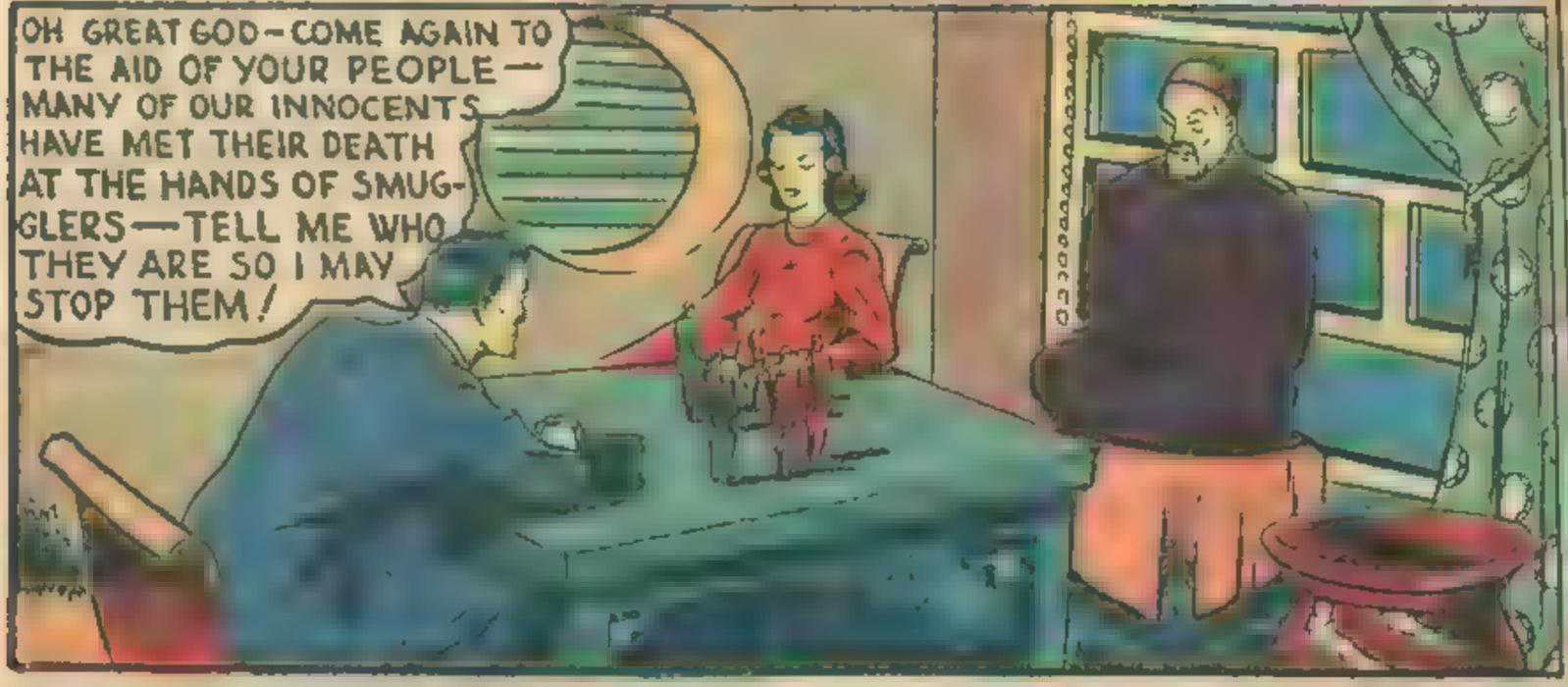

SHARK FISH-ING. AH! THAT GIVE ME BIG IDEA, BOSS. PERHAPS.....


...IF I HAVE CARGO FULL OF SHARKS THE COAST GUARD DO NOT LOOK FOR CHINAMAN—NO?
ALL RIGHT, DO WHAT YOU THINK IS BEST-BUT REMEM-BER—A DEAD CHINAMAN MAKES THE BEST WITNESS FOR US!

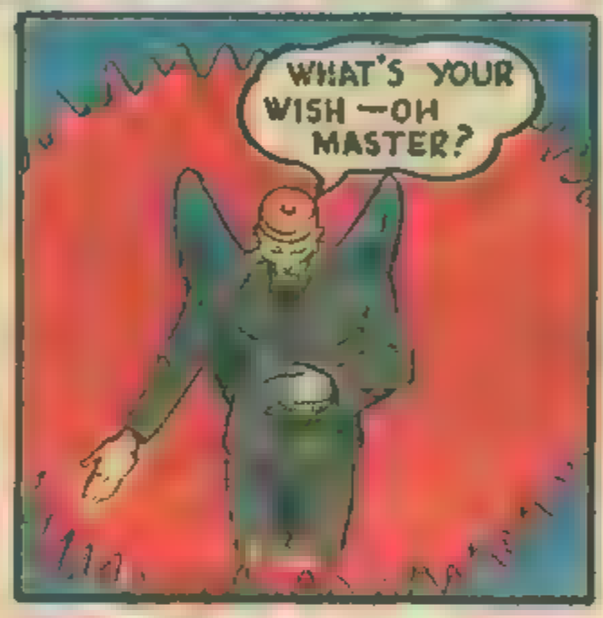

THE SAME NEWSPAPER STORY HAS BEEN READ BY FU CHANG AND HIS FIANCEE, TAY MING — TOGETHER THEY VISIT THE DYING CHINAMAN.
I'M AFRAID HE SHALL NOT RECOVER- WHATEVER HE KNOWS WILL BE TOLD ONLY TO THE GODS/

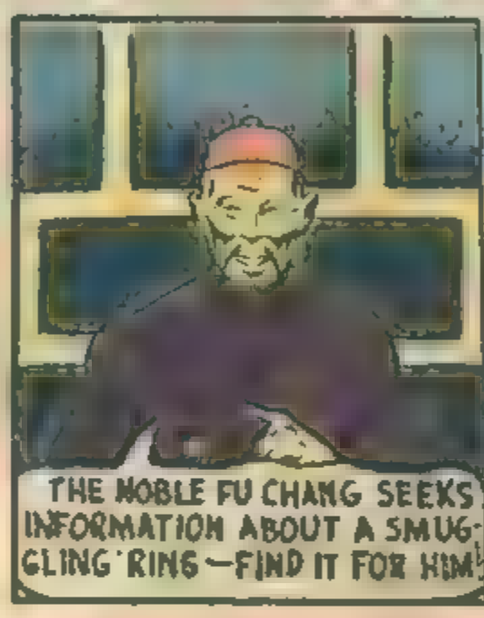
IF ONLY WE COULD DIS-COVER WHAT HE KNOWS. THEN WE COULD STOP THIS MURDERING OF OUR PEOPLE!
LET US LEAVE NOW, FU CHANG. HIS KNOW-LEDGE DIES WITH HIM!


WAIT/ MAYBE NOT ALL IS LOST—MAYBE MY GOD AND MY CHESSMEN MAY HELP—THEY HAVE THE PO-WER TO READ THE MINDS OF THOSE—WHO HAVE GONE BEYOND!
2

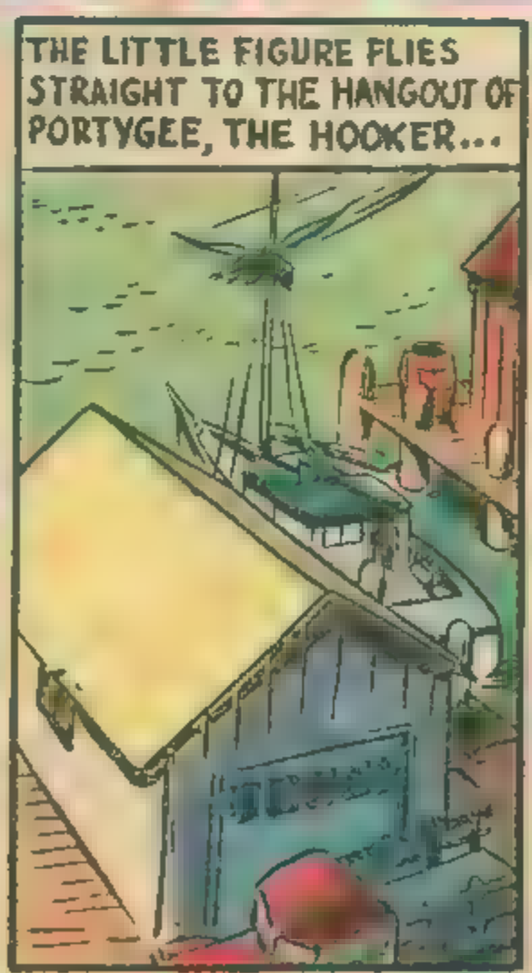

OH GREAT GOD—COME AGAIN TO THE AID OF YOUR PEOPLE—MANY OF OUR INNOCENTS HAVE MET THEIR DEATH AT THE HANDS OF SMUGGLERS—TELL ME WHO THEY ARE SO I MAY STOP THEM!

FU CHANG'S GOD COMES TO LIFE—SHEDDING HIS LIGHT ON A LITTLE WINGED SPY

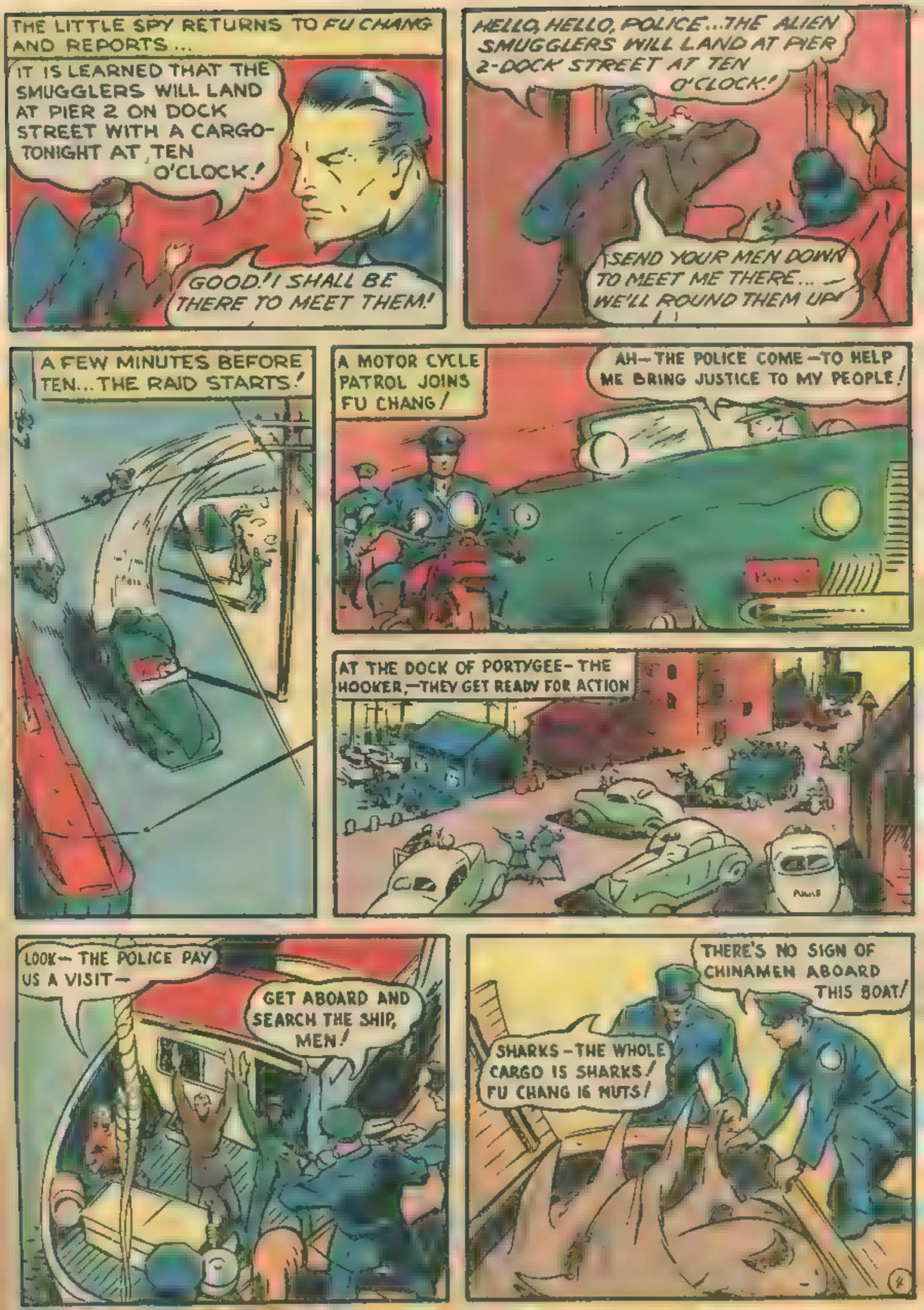

WHAT'S YOUR WISH—OH MASTER?


THE NOBLE FU CHANG SEEKS INFORMATION ABOUT A SMUGGLING RING—FIND IT FOR HIM!

GOD SPEED—LITTLE MESSENGER!

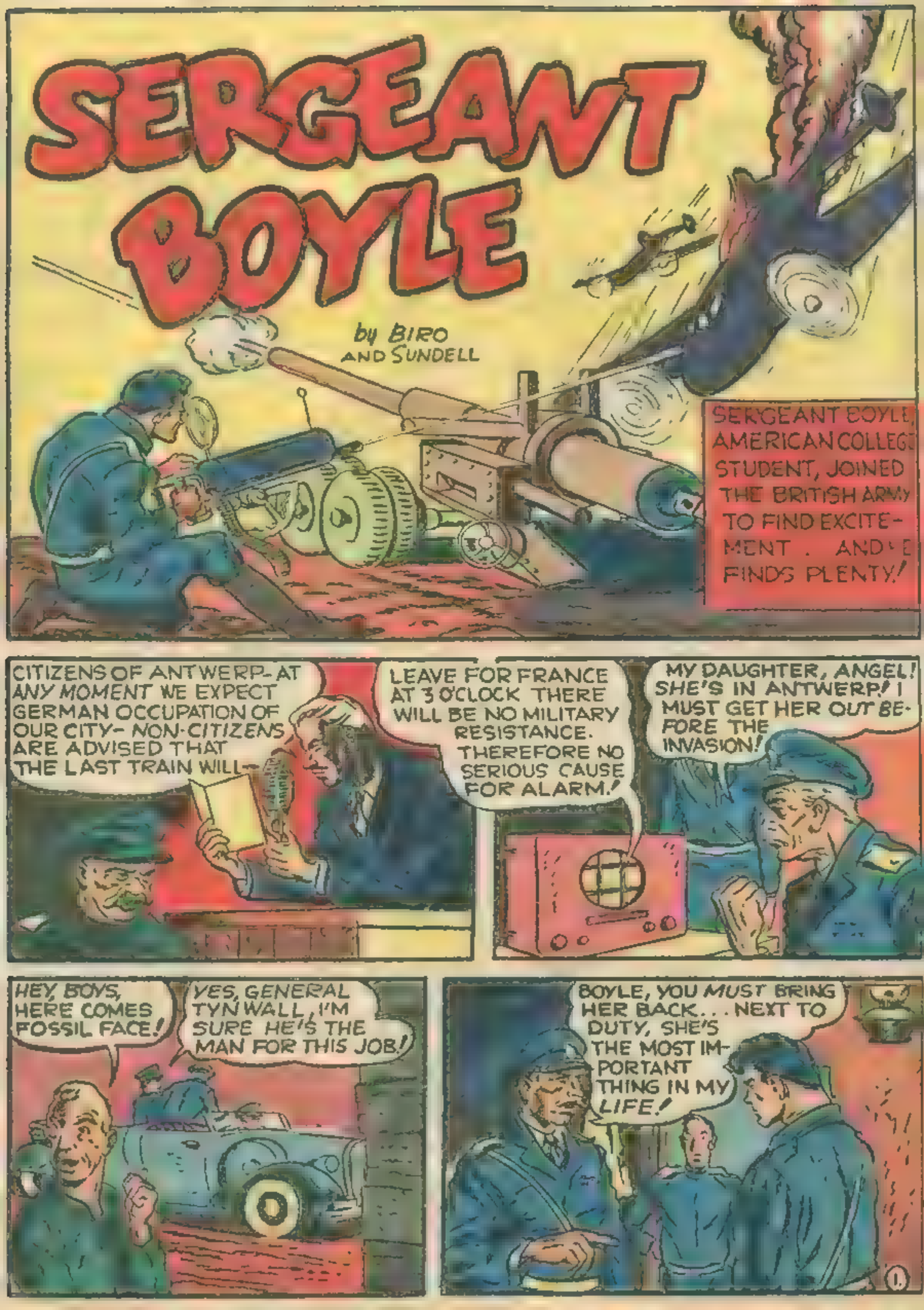

THE LITTLE FIGURE FLIES STRAIGHT TO THE HANGOUT OF PORTYGEE, THE HOOKER...

WHERE HE OVERHEARS THE PLANS OF THE SMUGGLERS
WE LEAVE TONIGHT—AND PICK UP OUR CARGO! IN A FEW HOURS WE RETURN. THEES TIME THERE IS NO SLIP-UP!

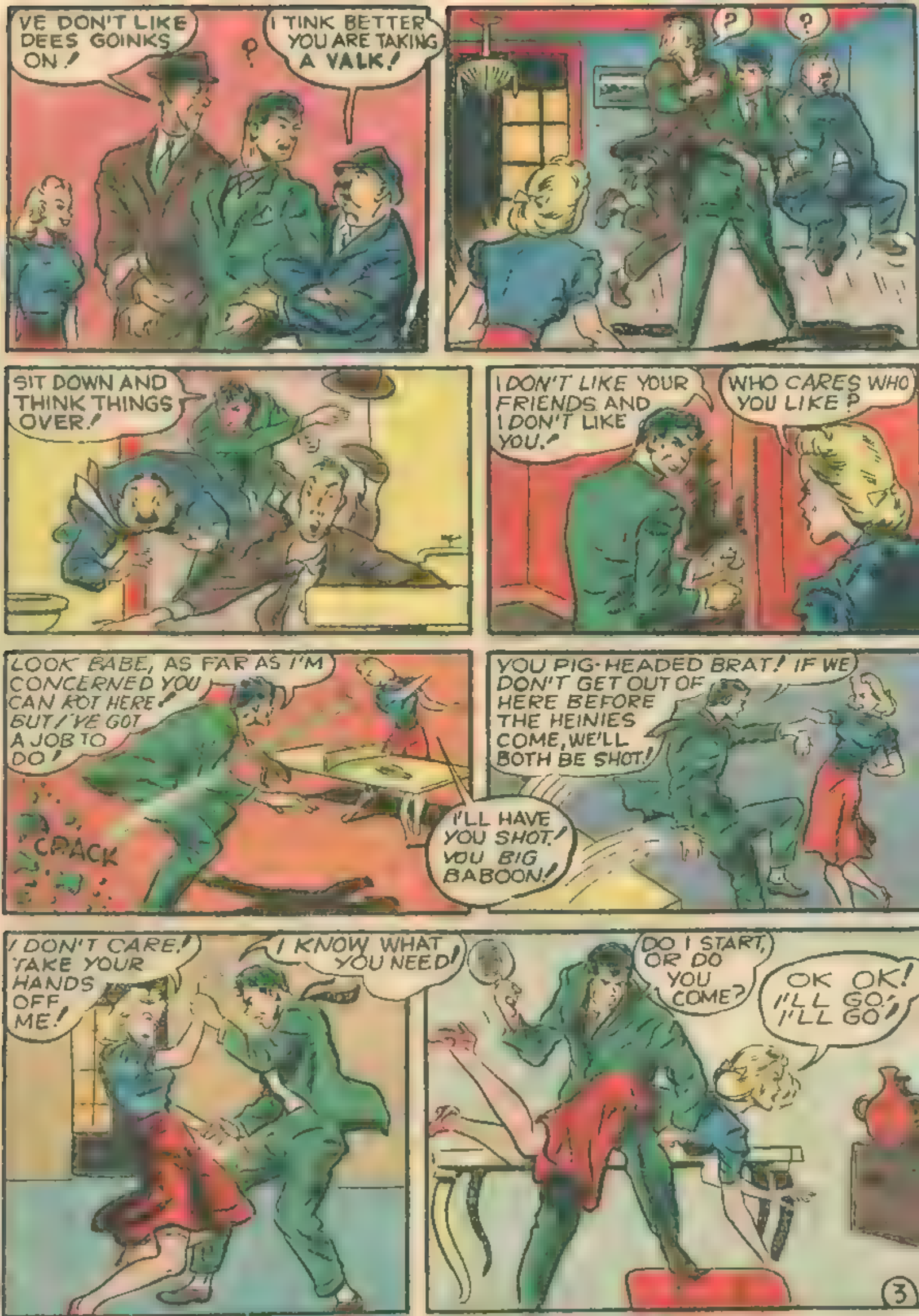

THE LITTLE SPY RETURNS TO FU CHANG AND REPORTS...
IT IS LEARNED THAT THE SMUGGLERS WILL LAND AT PIER 2 ON DOCK STREET WITH A CARGO- TONIGHT AT TEN O'CLOCK!
GOOD!! I SHALL BE THERE TO MEET THEM!
HELLO, HELLO, POLICE...THE ALIEN SMUGGLERS WILL LAND AT PIER 2-DOCK STREET AT TEN O'CLOCK!
SEND YOUR MEN DOWN TO MEET ME THERE... — WE'LL ROUND THEM UP!
A FEW MINUTES BEFORE TEN...THE RAID STARTS!
A MOTOR CYCLE PATROL JOINS FU CHANG!
AH—THE POLICE COME—TO HELP ME BRING JUSTICE TO MY PEOPLE!
AT THE DOCK OF PORTYGEE- THE HOOKER,—THEY GET READY FOR ACTION
LOOK—THE POLICE PAY US A VISIT—
GET ABOARD AND SEARCH THE SHIP, MEN!
THERE'S NO SIGN OF CHINAMEN ABOARD THIS BOAT!
SHARKS—THE WHOLE CARGO IS SHARKS! FU CHANG IS NUTS!

BUT I'M SURE! I CAN'T BE MISTAKEN! THERE MUST BE SOME OF MY PEOPLE ABOARD!
SOME ONE GAVE YOU A BUM STEER FU, THIS TIME YOU'RE ALL WET!
I DO NOT UNDERSTAND— THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG— SURELY MY GOD WOULD NOT FAIL ME!
OH MIGHTY GOD OF MY ANCESTORS— WHY COULD I NOT FIND WHAT I SOUGHT?
AGAIN THE GOD SHEDS THE LIGHT OF LIFE ON THE WINGED SPY-----
GO LITTLE FIGURE— AND THIS TIME DO NOT RETURN UNTIL YOU KNOW ALL THAT MUST BE KNOWN!
AGAIN THE LITTLE FIGURE FLIES STRAIGHT TO THE HIDE-OUT OF PORTYGEE, THE HOOKER.
WHERE HE HIDES UPON A BEAM TO WATCH THE PROCEEDINGS BELOW.
HANG THEM ALL OP— WE FOOL THE COPS GOOT, NO?
PORTYGEE RIPS OPEN THE SHARKS STOMACHS---
AH! WE BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE THIS TIME. PORTYGEE, PRETTY SMART GUY!
NOW MEN, IT IS OP TO YOU TO TAKE THESE YELLOW SLAVES TO THEIR MASTERS IN CHINATOWN! I GO TO SEE THE COMMISSIONER TO COLLECT OUR CUT OF DE MONEY!

THE LITTLE FIGURE REVEALS ALL TO FU CHANG
.....YOUR PEOPLE WERE HIDDEN INSIDE THE SHARKS. LATER, THE EVIL ONE GOES TO SEE THE COMMISSIONER.....
THE COMMISSIONER! AT LAST WE KNOW THE SOURCE OF THIS EVIL.....
FU CHANG DISCUSSES A PLAN WITH TAY MING
COMMISSIONER WARREN! I KNOW THE EVIL ONE, TAY MING....WE SHALL SCARE HIM WITH OUR LITTLE CHESSMEN! PERHAPS HE WILL CONFESS HIS GUILT!
THE FOLLOWING DAY COMMISSIONER WARREN RECEIVES A PACKAGE
HM-M! THIS IS ODD I WONDER WHAT IT CAN BE.....
GOOD GRIEF! A MINIATURE FIGURE OF THE DEAD MANDARIN!
SUDDENLY THE CHESSMAN COMES THE LIFE...
AH! EVIL ONE, YOU REMEMBER ME!
NO! NO! I MUST BE DREAMING! WHAT HAVE I DONE?
YOU ARE GUILTY OF A CRIME WORSE THAN MURDER!
NO! NO! GO AWAY. LET ME ALONE, I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING!
I SHALL HAUNT YOU UNTIL YOU CONFESS YOUR GUILT...
I'LL CONFESS! HELP!
THAT IS GOOD, COMMISSIONER! NOW SIGN YOUR RIGHT NAME!
YES...YES! ANYTHING YOU SAY!
A SECOND LATER FU CHANG BURSTS IN.
YOUR CELL IS WAITING FOR YOU, COMMISSIONER!
YOU CAN'T DO THIS FU CHANG!
INSPECTOR, HERE'S YOUR MAN, CONFESSION AND ALL. IT IS WRITTEN THAT CONFUCIUS ASKS, "WHO FIX CASE FOR POLITICAL FIXER WHEN POLITICAL FIXER GETS FIXED?"
MORE ADVENTURES OF FU CHANG IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF PEP COMICS

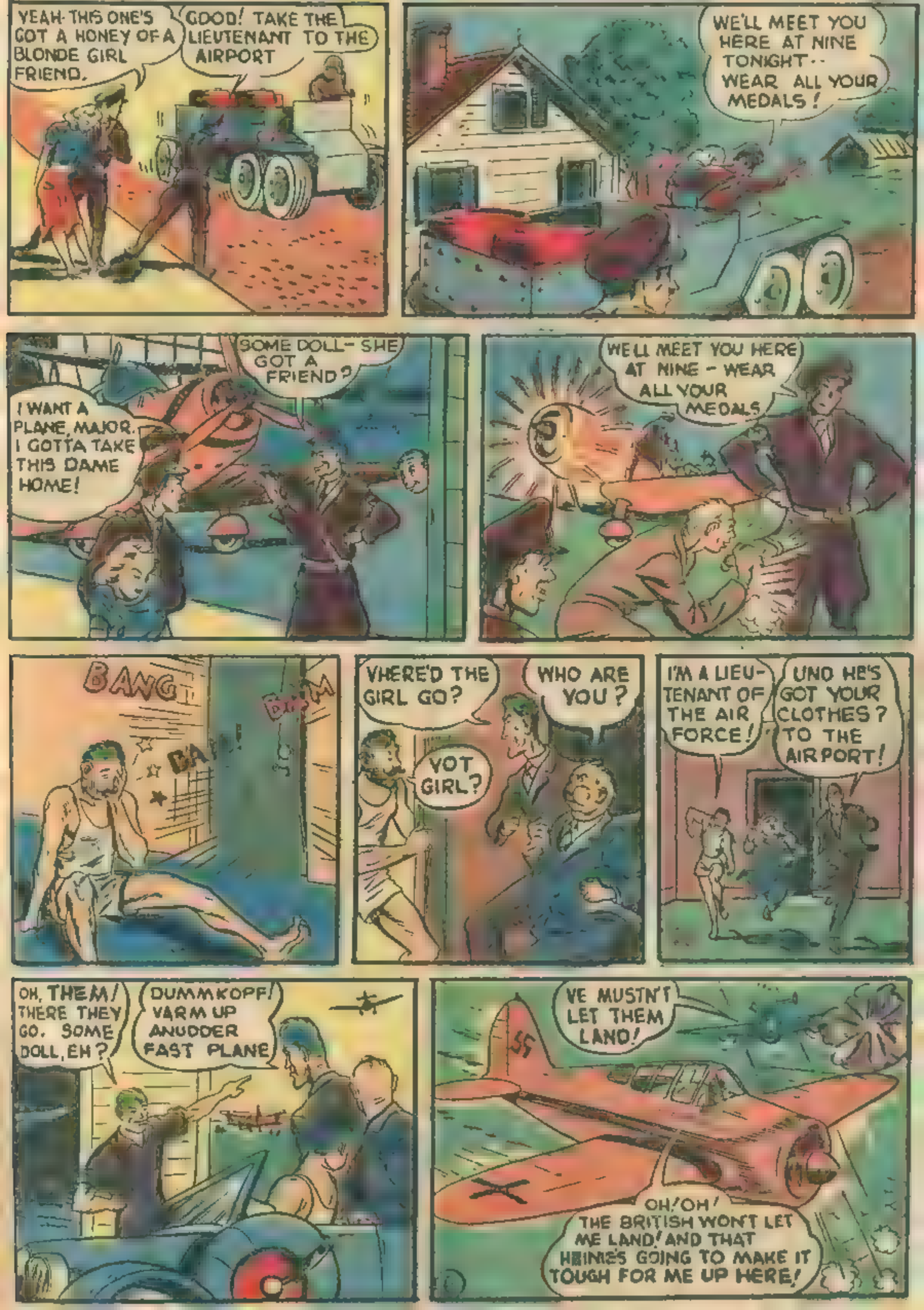

SERGEANT BOYLE
by BIRO AND SUNDELL
SERGEANT BOYLE, AMERICAN COLLEGE STUDENT, JOINED THE BRITISH ARMY TO FIND EXCITEMENT . AND HE FINDS PLENTY!
CITIZENS OF ANTWERP- AT ANY MOMENT WE EXPECT GERMAN OCCUPATION OF OUR CITY- NON-CITIZENS ARE ADVISED THAT THE LAST TRAIN WILL-
LEAVE FOR FRANCE AT 3 O'CLOCK THERE WILL BE NO MILITARY RESISTANCE. THEREFORE NO SERIOUS CAUSE FOR ALARM!
MY DAUGHTER, ANGEL! SHE'S IN ANTWERP! I MUST GET HER OUT BEFORE THE INVASION!
HEY, BOYS, HERE COMES FOSSIL FACE!
YES, GENERAL TYNWALL, I'M SURE HE'S THE MAN FOR THIS JOB!
BOYLE, YOU MUST BRING HER BACK... NEXT TO DUTY, SHE'S THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN MY LIFE!

REST EASY, GENERAL, THIS JOB IS PRACTICALLY A VACATION FOR ME!
GOD SPEED, SON!
PARIS ANTWERP EXP.
MISS TYNWALL'S IN ROOM 12 - I'LL ANNOUNCE YOU.
DON'T BOTHER!
SO, MY FATHER SENT YOU? WELL, ISN'T THAT SWEET OF HIM! I'M STAYING RIGHT HERE!
BUT.. ANGEL..
DON'T ANGEL ME! I'M OLD ENOUGH TO LIVE MY OWN LIFE! NOW YOU GO ON BACK TO FRANCE LIKE A GOOD LITTLE BOY!
NOT WITHOUT YOU- EVEN IF I HAVE TO CARRY YOU; I'LL GIVE YOU JUST THREE SECONDS TO--
RING RING
AND I'LL GIVE YOU JUST TWO- TO GET OUT OF HERE!
OH! ABBIE AND MAXIE! I'VE NEVER BEEN HAPPIER TO SEE ANYONE. THERE IS A BIG BOOB HERE-
12
I WANT HIM THROWN OUT AND I DON'T CARE HOW HARD! GO GET HIM!
2.


VE DON'T LIKE DEES GOINKS ON!
I TINK BETTER YOU ARE TAKING A VALK!
?
?
?
SIT DOWN AND THINK THINGS OVER!
I DON'T LIKE YOUR FRIENDS AND I DON'T LIKE YOU.
WHO CARES WHO YOU LIKE?
LOOK BABE, AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED YOU CAN ROT HERE! BUT I'VE GOT A JOB TO DO!
CRACK
I'LL HAVE YOU SHOT! YOU BIG BABOON!
YOU PIG-HEADED BRAT! IF WE DON'T GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE HEINIES COME, WE'LL BOTH BE SHOT!
I DON'T CARE! TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME!
I KNOW WHAT YOU NEED!
DO I START, OR DO YOU COME?
OK OK! I'LL GO! I'LL GO!
3

START PACKING, "ANGEL"-HUH- YOU'RE MORE TROUBLE THAN A BARREL FULL OF MONKEYS!
IN JUST A MINUTE
IF I HAD A GIRL LIKE YOU, I'D...
..JOIN THE FOREIGN LEGION!
WELL I'LL BE!
THE POOR SAP! SHE KNOCKED HERSELF OUT!— OFALL THE SCREWY DAMES I EVER MET!
SHE MUSTA FALLEN ON HER HEAD WHEN SHE WAS A BABY!
WOW!

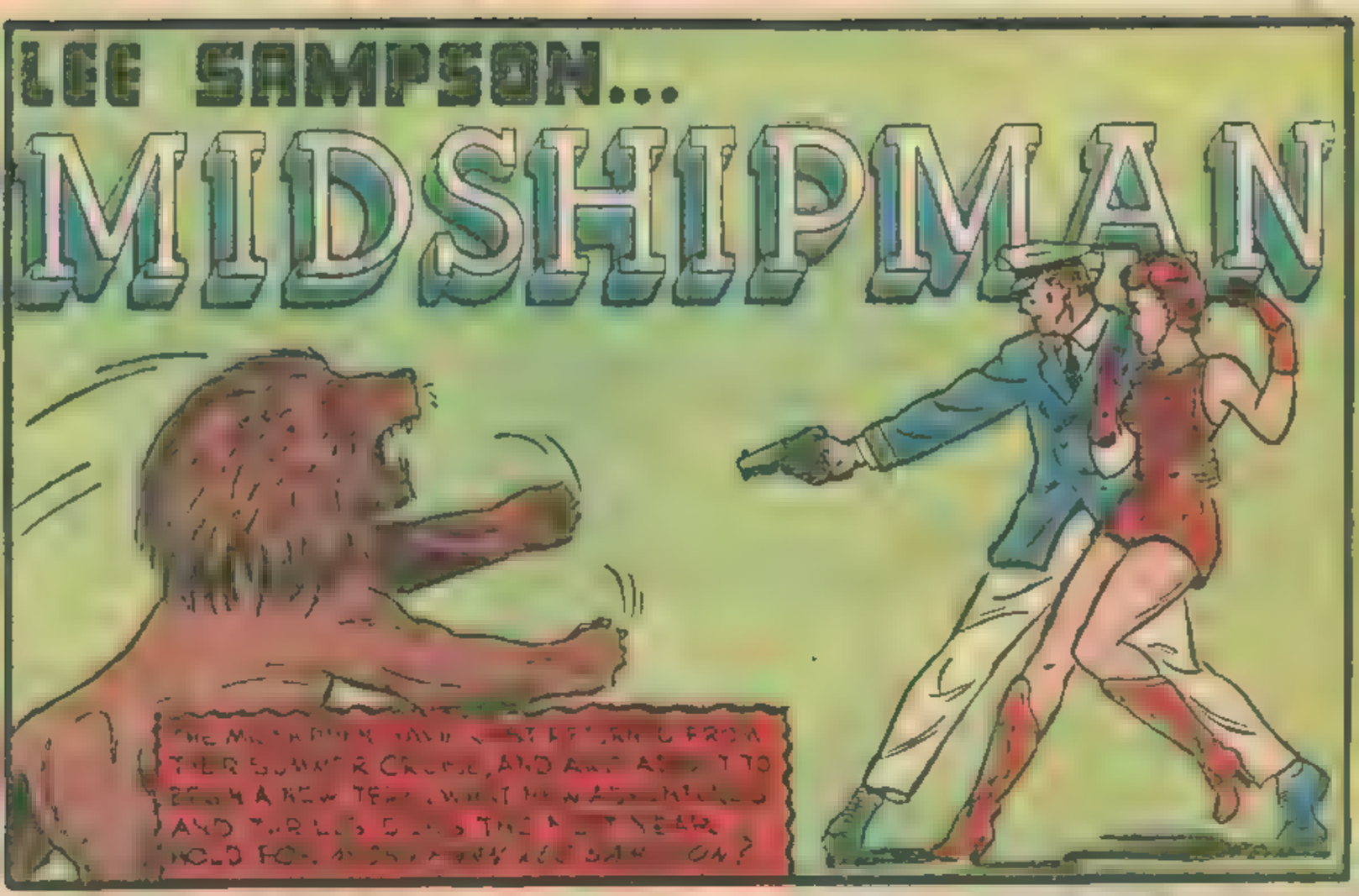
THAT DIZZY SCREWBALL! IF SHE HADN'T KILLED SO MUCH TIME, WE WOULDA BEEN OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE SAUER-KRAUTS CAME
VUN-TWO VUN-TWO
VUN-TWO-VUN TWO-VUN-
?
TW-
?
HAL-
SHH! QUIET!
THAT BIRD WAS AN AVIATOR-- ME FOR THE AIR PORT
SHE HAD TOO GOOD A TIME I'M TAKING HER HOME!
CAN SHE GET A FRIEND FOR TO-NIGHT? WHERE DOES SHE LIVE?
NEAR THE AIRPORT
THAT'S A LOAD FOR YOU TO CARRY SO FAR. I'LL GET YOU A LIFT
5


YEAH- THIS ONE'S GOT A HONEY OF A BLONDE GIRL FRIEND.
GOOD! TAKE THE LIEUTENANT TO THE AIRPORT
WE'LL MEET YOU HERE AT NINE TONIGHT.. WEAR ALL YOUR MEDALS!
SOME DOLL- SHE GOT A FRIEND?
I WANT A PLANE, MAJOR. I GOTTA TAKE THIS DAME HOME!
WE'LL MEET YOU HERE AT NINE - WEAR ALL YOUR MEDALS
BANG!
BA
BA-M
WHERE'D THE GIRL GO?
WHO ARE YOU?
VOT GIRL?
I'M A LIEU-TENANT OF THE AIR FORCE!
UND HE'S GOT YOUR CLOTHES? TO THE AIRPORT!
OH, THEM! THERE THEY GO. SOME DOLL, EH?
DUMMKOPF! VARM UP ANUDDER FAST PLANE
VE MUSTN'T LET THEM LAND!
55
OH! OH! THE BRITISH WON'T LET ME LAND! AND THAT HEINIE'S GOING TO MAKE IT TOUGH FOR ME UP HERE!

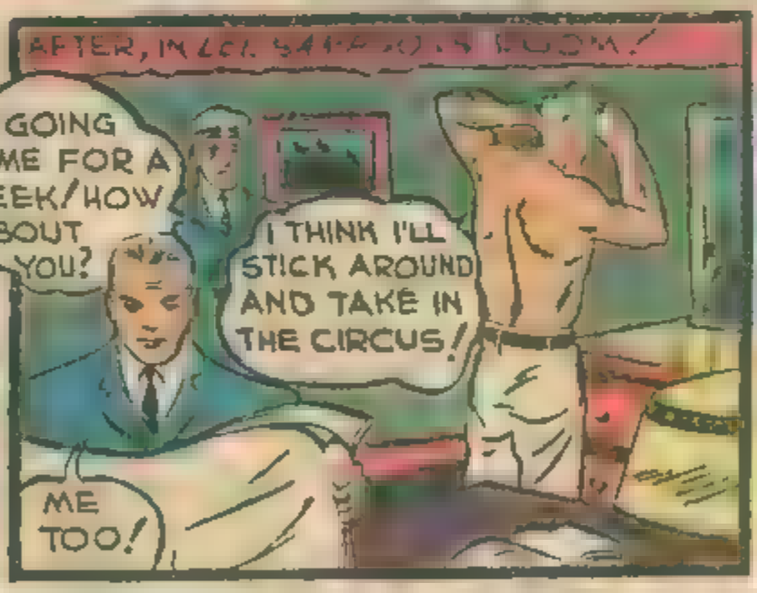
GETTING TOO HOT FOR COMFORT—IF I BAIL OUT, THEY MAY STOP SHOOTING BELOW!
SHE MUSTN'T LAND ALIVE! GIF IT TO THEM!
JA!
WHY, THOSE LOUSY SNAKES! SO IT'S A FIGHT THEY WANT!
HE GOT US! LOOK—THE MOTOR!
JA! YUMP QVICK!
HEY, IT'S BOYLE!
TAKE THIS DAME TO THE GENERAL, AND GET THOSE GUYS!
AND—FURTHERMORE, GENERAL YOUR DAUGHTER IS THE DUMBEST TOMATO I'VE EVER MET
WHY! HARUMPH—WHY.../
YOU NINCOMPOOP, HOW DARE YOU TALK THAT WAY? MY DAUGHTER CAUGHT THE LAST TRAIN. YOU FOOL! YOU BROUGHT BACK THE WRONG GIRL!
WHAT'S THAT?
I SAID BOYLE BROUGHT IN HATTER MARY, THE SPY!
I KNEW I COULD DEPEND ON YOU, SON! IT'S LIKE I ALWAYS SAY AT G.H.Q.—IF THERE'S ONE MAN..
HOW ABOUT THE AWFUL NAMES HE CALLED ME?
QUIET, DAUGHTER! ...OUR ARMY CAN ALWAYS DEPEND ON, IT'S SERGEANT BOYLE!
SERGEANT BOYLE
EVERY MONTH IN
PEP COMICS

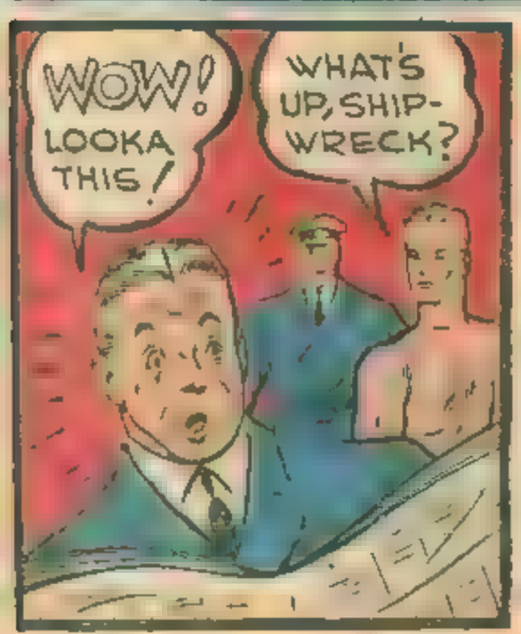
LEE SAMPSON...

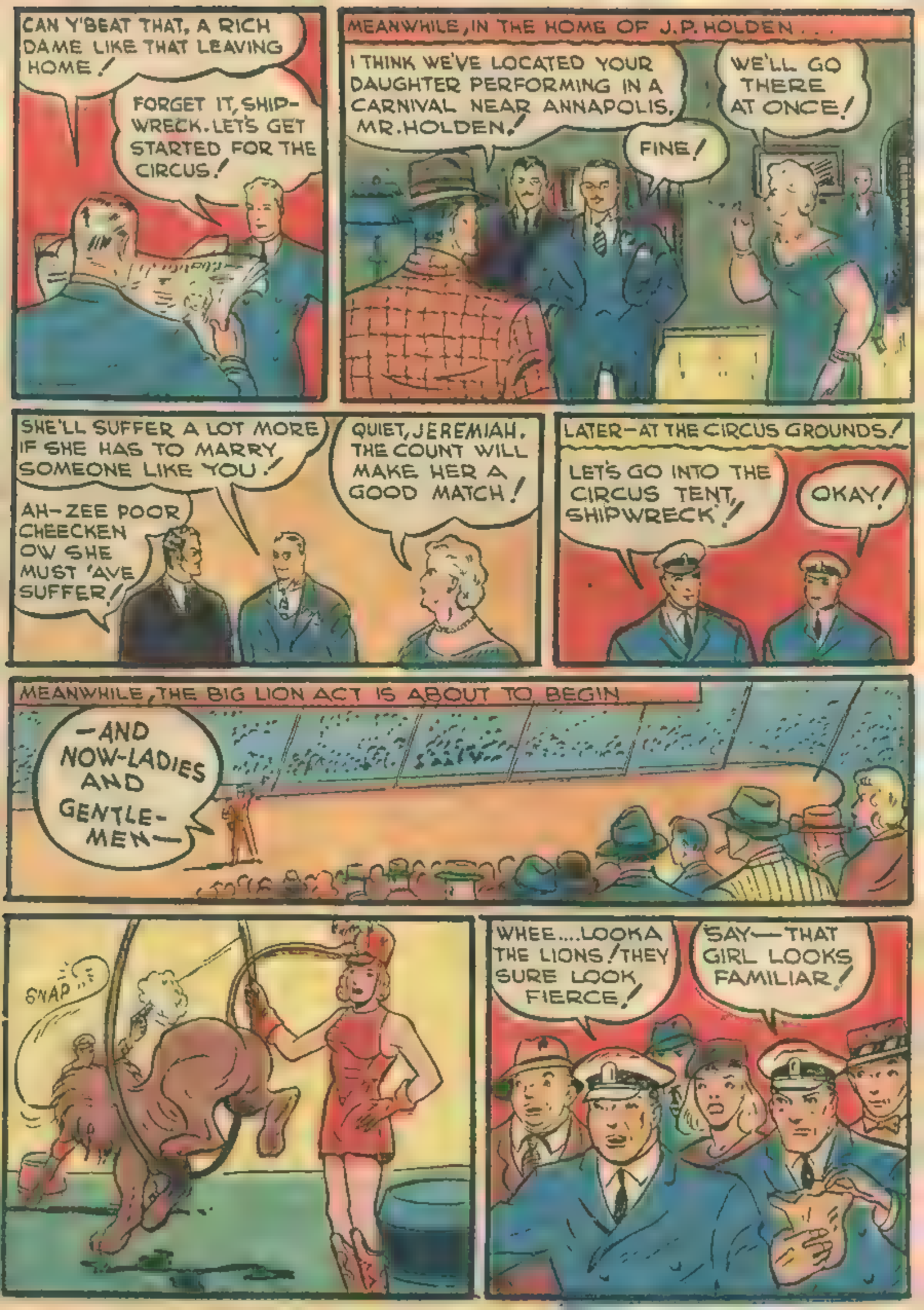
MIDSHIPMAN



THE HEAD MASTER CALLS THE MIDSHIPMEN TO THE FIRST MEETING OF THE NEW TERM!
YOU ALL HAVE A WEEK UNTIL THE TERM OFFICIALLY BEGINS!






CAN Y'BEAT THAT, A RICH DAME LIKE THAT LEAVING HOME!
FORGET IT, SHIPWRECK. LET'S GET STARTED FOR THE CIRCUS!
MEANWHILE, IN THE HOME OF J.P. HOLDEN . . .
I THINK WE'VE LOCATED YOUR DAUGHTER PERFORMING IN A CARNIVAL NEAR ANNAPOLIS, MR. HOLDEN!
FINE!
WE'LL GO THERE AT ONCE!
SHE'LL SUFFER A LOT MORE IF SHE HAS TO MARRY SOMEONE LIKE YOU!
AH-ZEE POOR CHEECKEN OW SHE MUST 'AVE SUFFER!
QUIET, JEREMIAH. THE COUNT WILL MAKE HER A GOOD MATCH!
LATER—AT THE CIRCUS GROUNDS!
LET'S GO INTO THE CIRCUS TENT, SHIPWRECK!
OKAY!
MEANWHILE, THE BIG LION ACT IS ABOUT TO BEGIN
—AND NOW-LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—
SNAP
WHEE....LOOKA THE LIONS! THEY SURE LOOK FIERCE!
SAY—THAT GIRL LOOKS FAMILIAR!

AT THAT MOMENT, THE HOLDENS ARRIVE!
WHAT COULD JANET POSSIBLY BE DOING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS?
HERES THE BIG TENT! LET'S LOOK HERE FIRST!
AS THE HOLDENS ENTER THE TENT A LION BREAKS LOOSE!
HELP
HE'S LOOSE!
IT'S JANET, COUNT! SAVE HER!
COUNT! COME BACK!
THAT POOR GIRL! SHE'LL BE TORN TO SHREDS!
OUT OF THE WELTER OF SCRAMBLING FIGURES LEAPS LEE SAMPSON!
HELP!
THIS IS THE WAY I'VE SEEN IT DONE IN THE CIRCUS — HOPE IT WORKS!
RUN! I'LL TRY AND HOLD HIM OFF!
I-I'M GOING TO FAINT!
SHIPWRECK COMES TO LEE'S AID!
HOLD 'EM, NAVY I'M RIGHT WITH YOU!
GRAB THE GUN, SHIPWRECK, AND KEEP SHOOTING.
THE MIDSHIPMEN ATTACK THE LION FROM BOTH SIDES!
KEEP IT UP, SHIPWRECK! WE'VE GOT HIM CONFUSED!
THE BEWILDERED LION IS FINALLY SUBDUED!
WOW! WHAT A SCRAPE!
WE GOT TO GET THIS GIRL AWAY FROM HERE

LEE CARRIES THE GIRL TO HER TENT AND SOON REVIVES HER!
I RECOGNIZE YOU NOW— YOU'RE JANET HOLDEN, THE RUNAWAY HEIRESS!
PLEASE, DON'T SEND ME BACK!
HEARD BY TWO THUGS!
HEAR THAT, SLICK! THAT'S THE HOLDEN DAME!
IF WE SNATCH HER QUICK WE'LL MAKE HER OLD MAN PAY PLENTY!
WELL, WHAT YOU DO IS YOUR OWN BUSINESS, I'M GOING TO SEE IF SHIPWRECKS OKAY!
I'LL BE ALL RIGHT NOW!
IMMEDIATELY AFTER LEE'S DEPARTURE.....
I GOT HER!
GLUB....
QUICK! LET'S GET HER TO THE CAR!
OUTSIDE, LEE MEETS SHIPWRECK AND THE HOLDENS!
OH, THERE YOU ARE, LEE, I WAS LOOKING FOR YOU! THESE ARE THE GIRLS PARENTS!
OH, WHERE IS JANET!
THAT WAS A BRAVE ACT OF YOURS, SAVING MY DAUGHTER! THIS....THIS COWARD IS COUNT DE LUCRE, HER FIANCEE!
BUT I WAS TRYING TO SNEAK UP ON THE LION FROM BEHIND!
LEE LEADS THEM BACK TO THE TENT, BUT....
GREAT SCOTT, SHE'S GONE!
OH, MY BABY!
MEANWHILE, JANET MANAGES TO LOOSEN HER CAPTOR'S HAND FROM HER MOUTH!
HELP! HELP!
GOSH! SHE'S DONE IT NOW!

JANET'S CRIES ARE OVERHEARD!
THAT'S JANET'S VOICE!
...AND SHE'S IN TROUBLE! C'MON, SHIPWRECK!
WELL, GO ON, COUNT— HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO PROVE THAT SNEAKING-UP BUSINESS!
Y-YES— I GO SAVE HER— DON'T POOSH!
THERE THEY ARE, LEE! LET'S GET 'EM!
LEE AND SHIPWRECK WADE INTO THE THUGS!
WHY YOU...
THESE AMERICANS— THEY PLAY SO ROUGH!
MEANWHILE, THE COUNT EMPLOYS A WAITING STRATEGY!
DURING THE FRACAS, ONE OF THE THUGS TRIES SOME DIRTY WORK ON SHIPWRECK!
THIS IS FOR BUTTIN' IN!
OW
HERE'S OUR CHANCE, SLUG, LET'S MAKE A BREAK!
ARE YOU HURT BADLY, SHIPWRECK?
NAW— JUST A BUMP ON THE HEAD— BUT SOME BUMP!

JUST THEN, MR AND MRS. HOLDEN ARRIVE
OH, MY DARLING BABY— DID THOSE BRUTES HURT YOU?
NO, MOTHER, I'M ALL RIGHT!
LET BEAT IT BEFORE THE COPS ARRIVE!
I KEEL THE ONES WHO WEESH TO HURT MY CHEECKEN— WHERE ARE THEY?
JUST THEN THE COUNT APPEARS!
STOP KNOCKING YOURSELF OUT, COUNT. THEY'RE GONE AND YOU'RE SAFE!
AND NOW YOU'RE COMING HOME WITH US, YOUNG LADY!
NOT IF I HAVE TO MARRY THAT..... THAT GOLD-DIGGING NINCOMPOOP!
DON'T WORRY DEAR, YOU WON'T!
BAH, STUPID AMERICANS!
WE'RE SO GRATEFUL TO YOU!
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HER LIFE, MOTHER AGREED WITH FATHER..... AND BY THE WAY, WHAT WOULD I HAVE TO DO TO JOIN THE NAVY?
DON'T MISS
THE NEXT ISSUE
OF
PEP COMICS
FOR
FURTHER ADVENTURES
OF
MIDSHIPMAN LEE SAMPSON
. . .
(6)

THE ROCKET AND THE QUEEN OF DIAMONDS

WHEN THE QUEEN OF DIAMONDS RETURNED TO HER EMPIRE, SHE WAS TAKEN CAPTIVE BY THE TRAITOR, RETLEK, THE TERRIBLE WHO HAD USURPED HER THRONE. HER FRIENDS, *THE ROCKET*, AND FALKAR, EXILED KING OF THE HAWKMEN, HAVE SWORN TO FREE HER, AND SET HER ONCE MORE ON THE THRONE OF THE DIAMOND EMPIRE!

WE ARE TOO WELL KNOWN BY RETLEK'S MEN. WE MUST ENTER THE CITY UNSEEN.

LET US WAIT UNTIL NIGHTFALL, AND THEN SWIM THE RIVER THAT SURROUNDS THE CITY.

AT MID-NIGHT *THE ROCKET* AND FALKAR SWIM QUIETLY FOR THE SHORES OF THE DIAMOND EMPIRE

EASY, FALKAR! RETLEK'S PATROL SHIPS KEEP CAREFUL WATCH AT NIGHT.

IF WE GET THROUGH THIS ALIVE...WE'RE JUST GETTING STARTED.

SUDDENLY A SPOTLIGHT PICKS THEM UP. . . .

WE'RE DISCOVERED! LOOKS LIKE OUR PLANS END HERE.

COME CLOSER, STRANGERS, SO WE CAN SEE WHY YOU SWIM THIS TIME OF NIGHT!

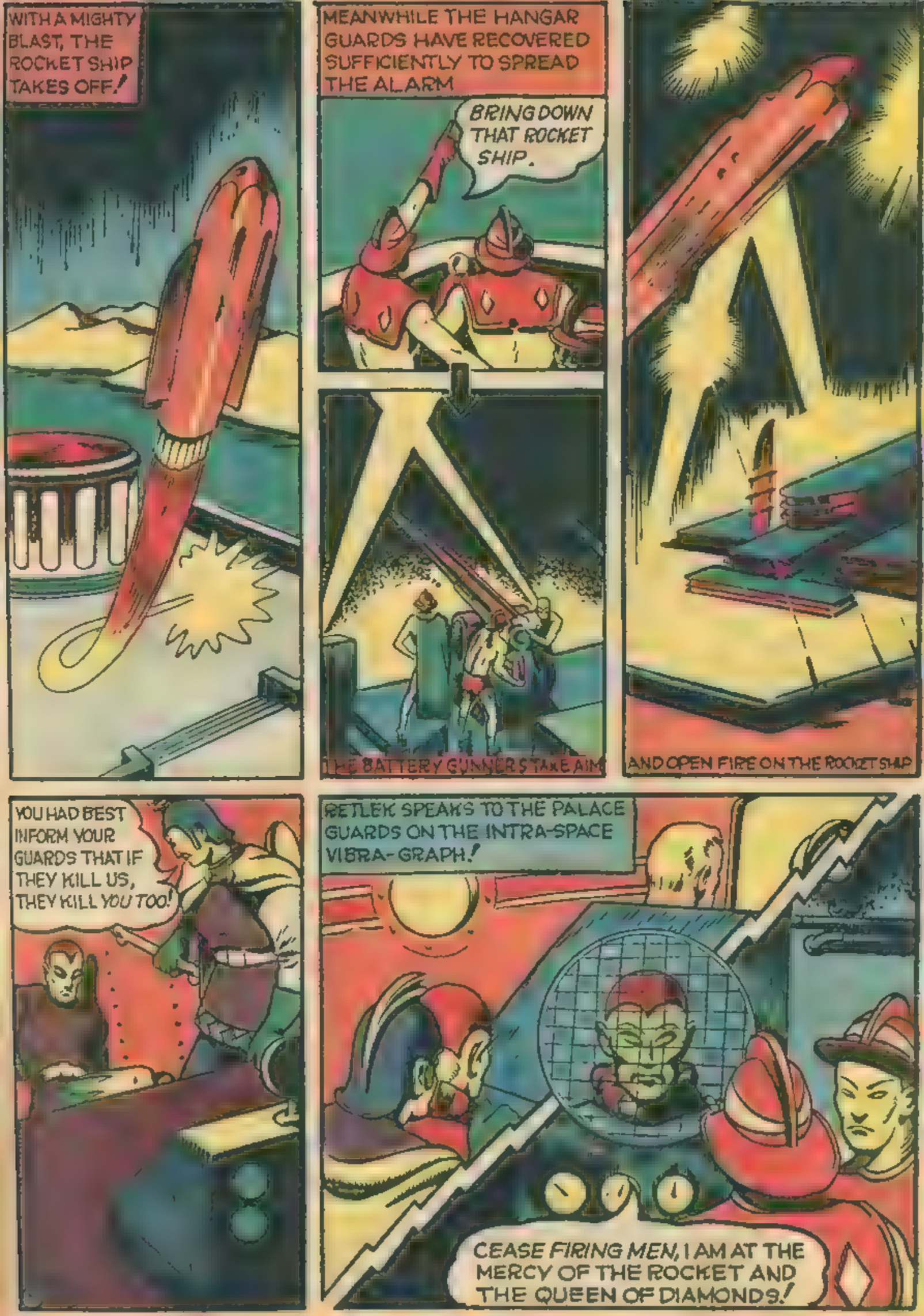
IT'S THE ROCKET AND THE HAWK KING!

GOOD! WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR THEM!

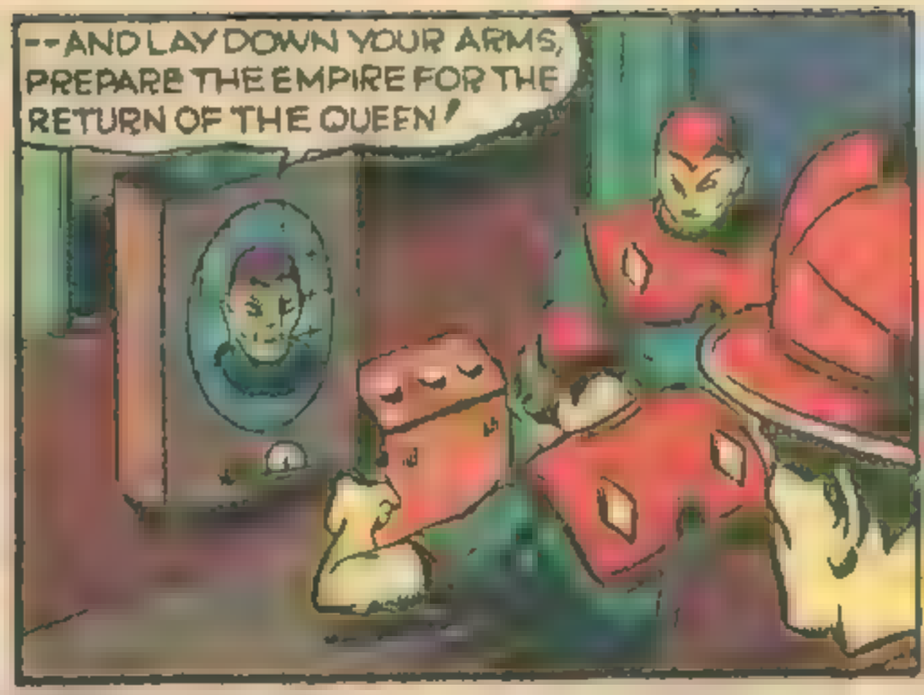
RETLEK'S MEN CAREFULLY TAKE THE QUEEN ABOARD SHIP . . .
PERHAPS, ONCE WE'RE ABOARD, WE MAY BE ABLE TO FIGHT FOR CONTROL OF THE BOAT!
THE ROCKET AND FALKAR SPRING INTO ACTION!
C'MON FALKAR! FOR RIGHT, AND OUR QUEEN!
DOWN WITH THE TRAITORS!
BUT THE ODDS ARE TOO GREAT!
SIR ROCKET AND PRINCE FALKAR, YOUR EFFORTS ARE NOBLE, BUT UNNECESSARY. I AM LOYAL TO THE QUEEN.
TOGETHER, WE MAY BE ABLE TO FREE HER FROM THE TYRANT RETLEK.
GOOD, BUT YOUR MEN, ARE THEY LOYAL TO THE QUEEN ALSO?
LET'S QUESTION THE CREW AND FIND OUT!
CAPTAIN [illegible] ASSEMBLES HIS CREW [illegible] DECK
MEN! I SEEK YOUR AID. FREE THE QUEEN FROM THE BONDS OF RETLEK THE TERRIBLE ARE YOU WITH ME?
AYE!
LONG LIVE OUR QUEEN!
AYE!
DEATH TO RETLEK!
HURRAY! WE HAVE A FORCE OF MEN, AND AMMUNITION ENOUGH TO TAKE THE PALACE! TONIGHT WE SHALL BRING RETLEK TO HIS KNEES!

SILENTLY, TORNO'S MEN FOLLOW THE ROCKET AS THEIR SHIP LIES AT ANCHOR UNDER HEAVY GUARD.
PERHAPS IT WOULD BE EASIER FOR ME AND A FEW OF MY MEN TO ENTER RETLEK'S PALACE. YOU, SIR ROCKET AND FALKAR HAD BETTER CAPTURE RETLEK'S ROCK-ET SHIP.
GOOD! WHEN WE HAVE IT WE'LL LET OFF A FLARE! YOU BRING THE QUEEN AND COME ARUNNING.
THE TWO PARTIES START OFF FOR THEIR DESTINATIONS THE ROCKET AND HIS SMALL BAND ENTER THE PALACE COURT YARD WHERE RETLEK KEEPS HIS SHIP
HASTEN MEN! HERE COME RETLEK'S GUARDS!
A BRIEF BATTLE-- AND THE GUARDS ARE OVER-COME!
OUT OF OUR WAY, TRAITORS!
THE ROCKET PRINCE
THE DOOR'S OPENING. YOU SHOOT THE FLARE WHILE I GET THE SHIP READY
I HOPE TORNO'S LUCK IS AS GOOD AS OURS
ALL READY! LET THAT FLARE GO, FALKAR!
THE HAWK-KING GIVES THE SIGNAL!

MEANWHILE - TORNO PREPARES TO ENTER THE CASTLE
AWAIT THE SIGNAL HERE! WHEN YOU SEE IT, ATTACK THE GUARDS! KILL ANYONE WHO MIGHT STAND BETWEEN THE QUEEN AND SAFETY!
AYE, CAPTAIN, YOU CAN DEPEND ON US!
CAPTAIN TORNO, REPORTING LET ME THROUGH!
RETLEK, THE TERRIBLE, IS EXPECTING YOU, PASS!
THERE'S THE SIGNAL! I'VE NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE!
YOUR TIME HAS COME RETLEK! YOUR MAJESTY, THE ROCKET AWAITS YOU, IN THE COURT YARD!
YOU SHALL PAY FOR THIS, YOU MUTINOUS DOG!
ONE FALSE MOVE RETLEK AND IT'S YOUR LAST!
THEIR PLAN HAS WORKED TO PERFECTION. THE ROCKET SHIP IS READY, AND RETLEK'S DEAD GUARDS STREW THE COURTYARD.
GOOD WORK TORNO!
SIR ROCKET! FALKAR!
4

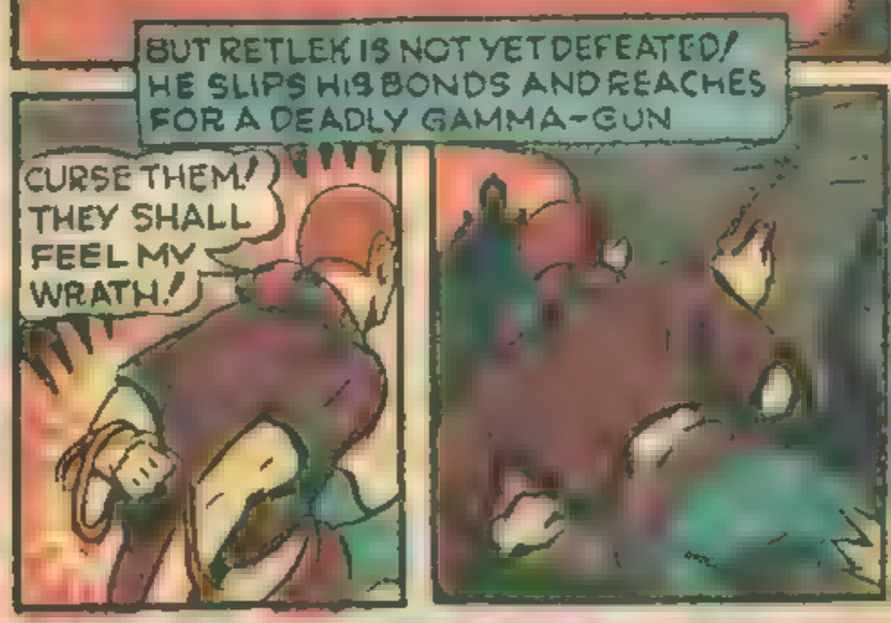

WITH A MIGHTY BLAST, THE ROCKET SHIP TAKES OFF!
MEANWHILE THE HANGAR GUARDS HAVE RECOVERED SUFFICIENTLY TO SPREAD THE ALARM
BRING DOWN THAT ROCKET SHIP.
THE BATTERY GUNNERS TAKE AIM
AND OPEN FIRE ON THE ROCKET SHIP
YOU HAD BEST INFORM YOUR GUARDS THAT IF THEY KILL US, THEY KILL YOU TOO!
RETLEK SPEAKS TO THE PALACE GUARDS ON THE INTRA-SPACE VIBRA-GRAPH!
CEASE FIRING MEN, I AM AT THE MERCY OF THE ROCKET AND THE QUEEN OF DIAMONDS!

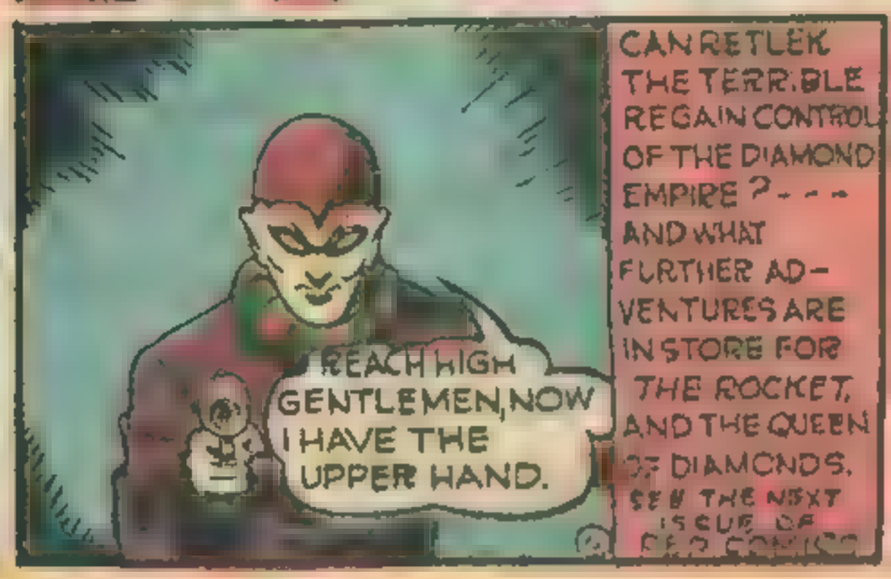
TELL YOUR MEN TO DESTROY THEIR BATTERIES AND PREPARE TO SURRENDER


--AND LAY DOWN YOUR ARMS, PREPARE THE EMPIRE FOR THE RETURN OF THE QUEEN!

ONE BY ONE, RETLEK'S GUN EMPLACEMENTS ARE BLOWN TO BITS . . .

OUR BATTLE WAS SHORT BUT OUR VICTORY IS COMPLETE YOU SHALL AGAIN RULE!


BUT RETLEK IS NOT YET DEFEATED! HE SLIPS HIS BONDS AND REACHES FOR A DEADLY GAMMA-GUN
CURSE THEM! THEY SHALL FEEL MY WRATH!


REACH HIGH GENTLEMEN, NOW I HAVE THE UPPER HAND.
CAN RETLEK THE TERRIBLE REGAIN CONTROL OF THE DIAMOND EMPIRE? - - - AND WHAT FURTHER ADVENTURES ARE IN STORE FOR THE ROCKET, AND THE QUEEN OF DIAMONDS. SEE THE NEXT ISSUE OF

WHEN SATAN PLAYED SAINT

CHARLES BRADLEY raised the devil with the good gold money of the United States Treasury Department for years. But he did not look like a devil. Nature provided Charles Bradley with the mask of a saint. Especially in his later years Bradley looked more like the curate of a country church than an arch criminal. It might have been because Bradley was an artist and prided himself on his art.

Bradley died some years ago in the Colorado State Penitentiary at Canon City a demise recorded with a degree of satisfaction by the United States Secret Service department. It was through Bradley's own connivance that he was given enough years to insure his dying behind prison bars. He explained it thus:

"When I'm at large I just can't help priding myself on my artistic jeweler's ability to ream gold coins —and I just can't help working hard at it. I guess it's better this time if I have to do it all."

There was no violence to Bradley. He never resisted arrest. He always gave his defense attorneys severe pains in the necks by assuming an air of injured innocence and 'fessing up like a school boy.

The reason Bradley was out so often, after serving short terms, only to get in again was his childlike demeanor when in custody. His kindly manners won favor with parole boards. Even social workers and some High Society dames were attracted to Bradley's case at intervals. There was something about his tall, lean stalwart frame and clear blue eyes that appealed to people.

Bradley went wrong when serving at a jeweler's workbench as a young man. He remained wrong probably because it was easy and profitable. He said that during his lunch hour one day he read in the newspaper of the arrest of a man for "sweating" gold coins. Bradley had just received a $20 gold piece in his wages. The newspaper said that the accused had acid washed $8.50 from a $10 gold piece.

"That's crude," Bradley said he decided. "If he had reamed it he could have taken $7.50 and it could be done in a way to defy detection."

SO BRADLEY tried it on his $20 gold piece. He bored a tiny hole through the edge. Without disturbing the milling or the surface at any other point, he chiseled out $17.50 worth of gold from the one coin. He put enough jeweler's cement back through the tiny hole to make the coin weigh exactly what it should. He sealed the tiny hole and passed the coin. Then he sold the gold he had extracted.

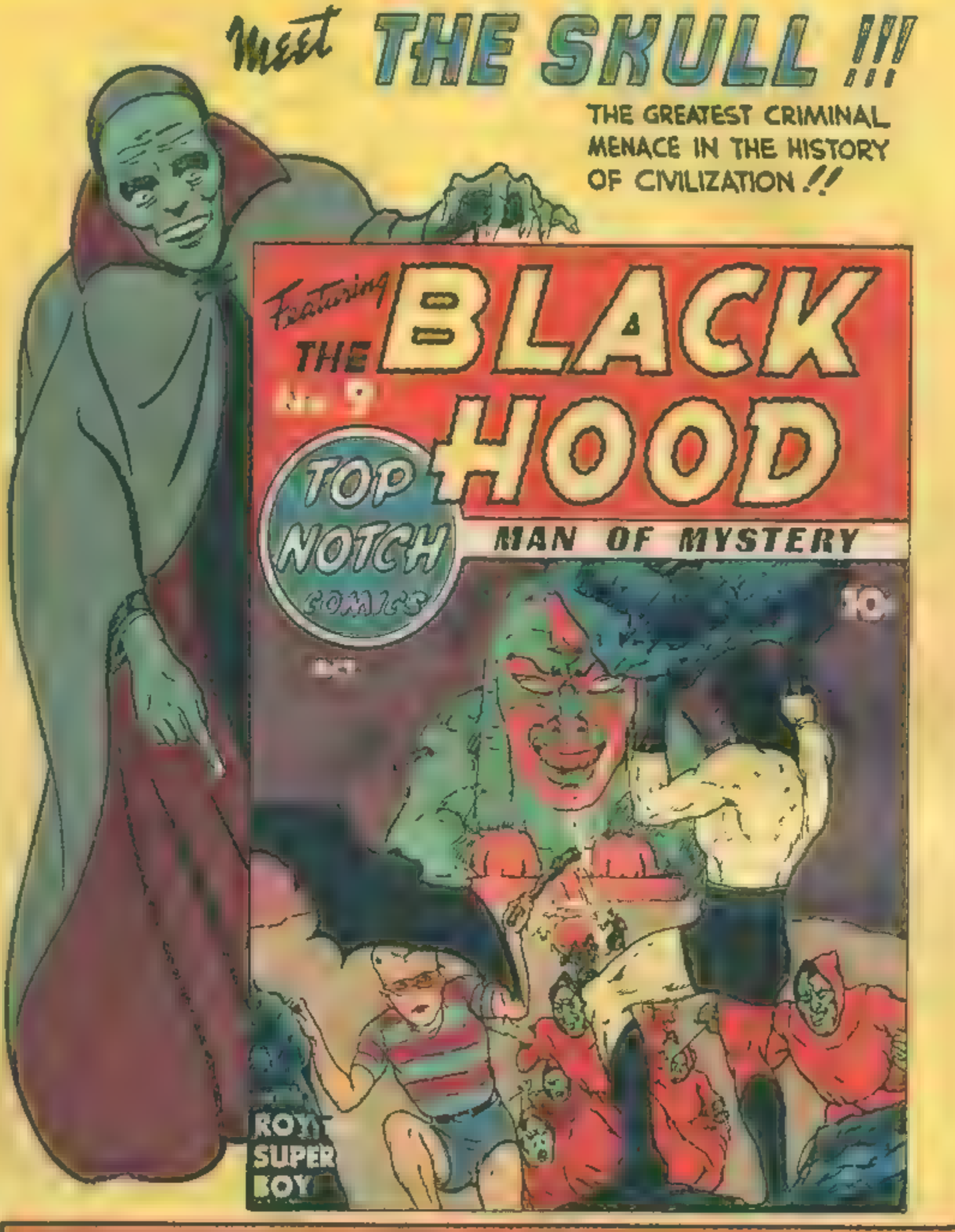
Bradley could work five twenties a day in this manner. Naturally he profited and had a royal good time with his ill-gotten gold. They nabbed him often enough, though, usually when he appeared at some bank to change currency into gold.

Bradley was the daddy of this process of defrauding the Government. Also, he was the cleverest mutilator of coins ever to have lived. There have been many other reamers of gold coins but none who could leave a thinner shell of gold or work through a smaller hole.

The withdrawal of gold from circulation has about completely done away with this interesting and skillful pastime.

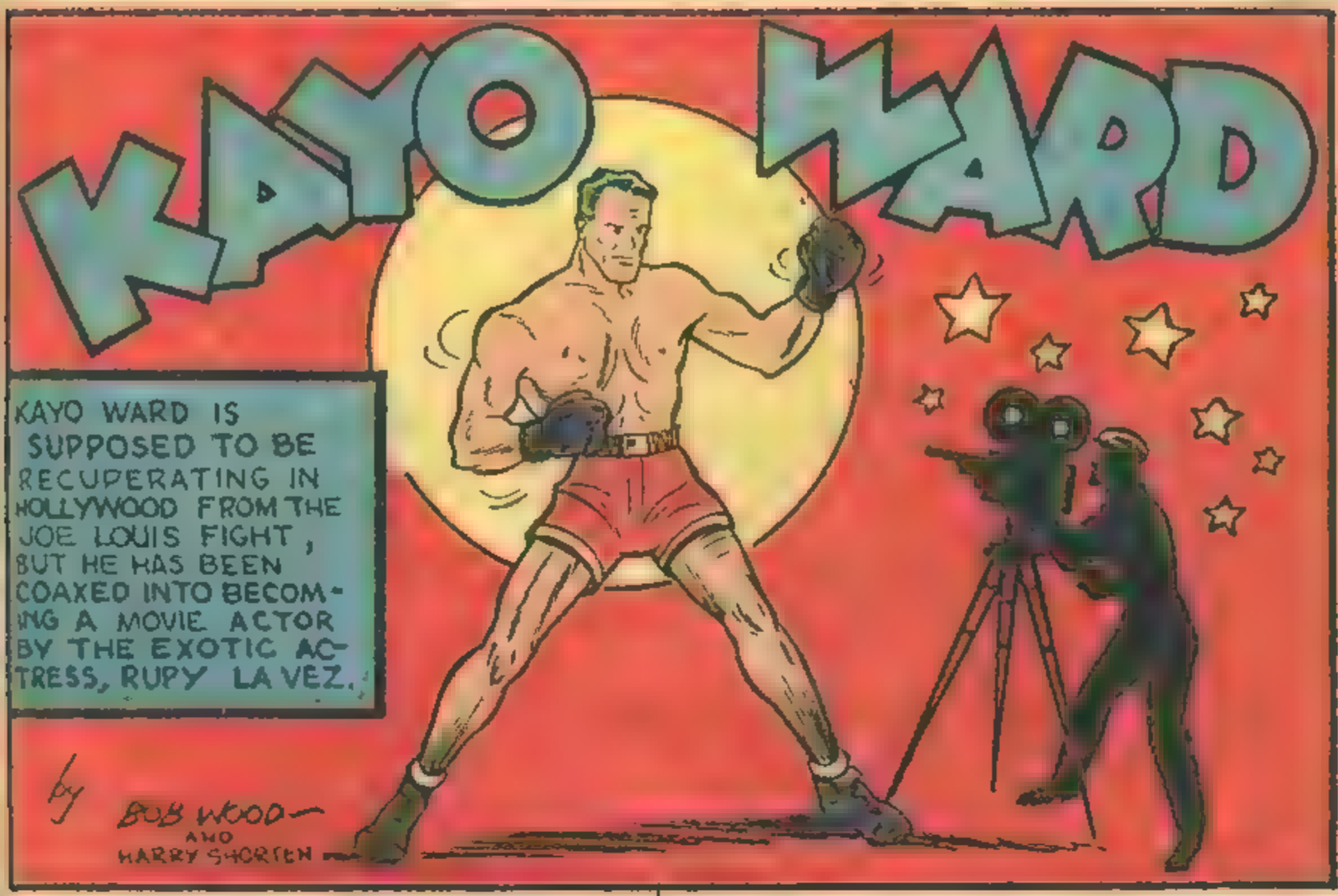
THE END

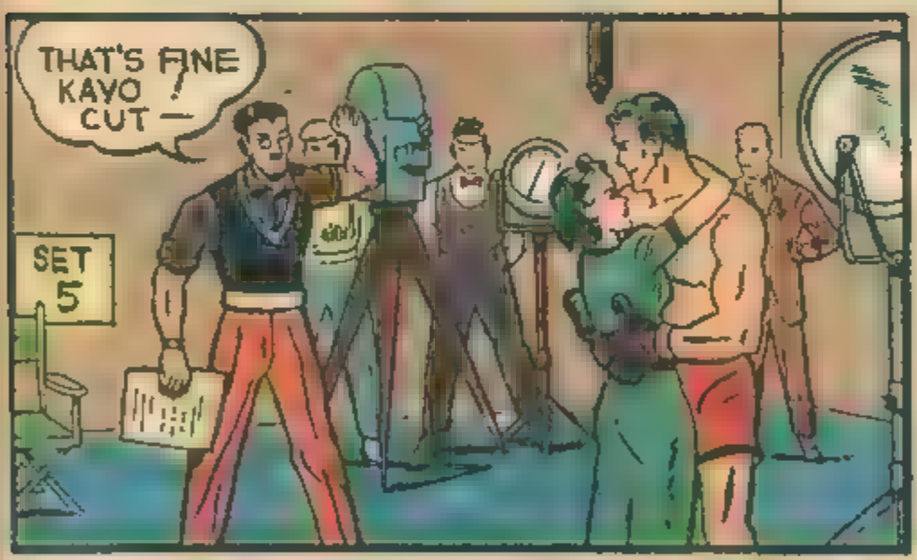
STEEL STERLING — MAN OF STEEL —
EVERY MONTH IN ZIP COMICS

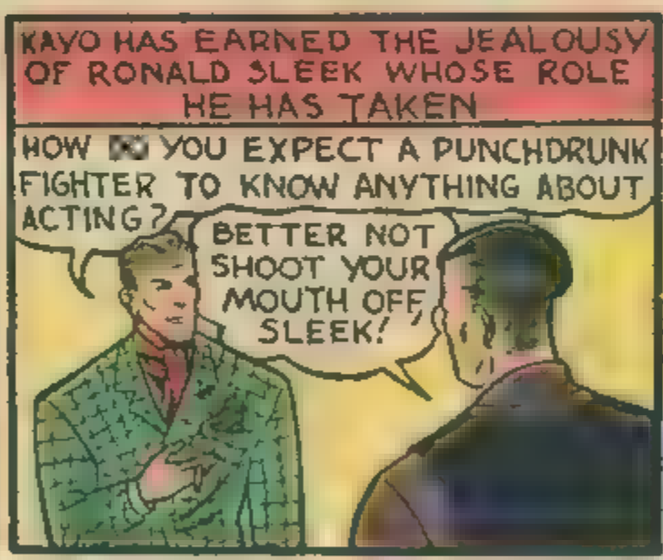


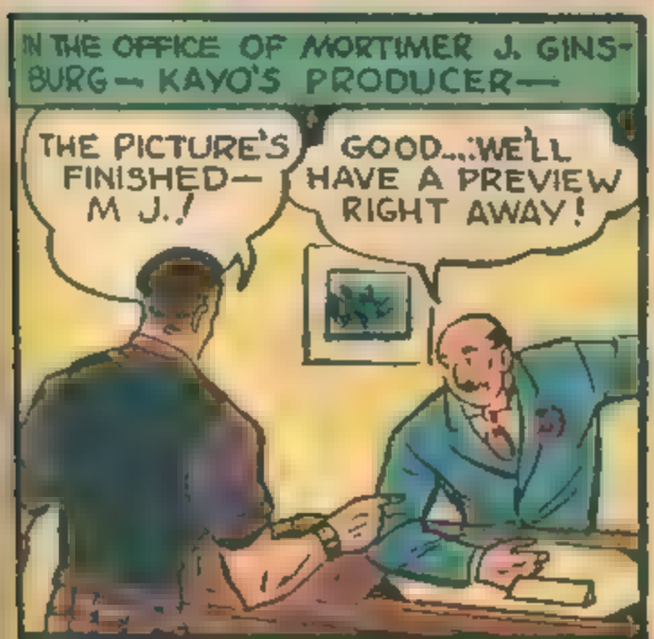
EVIL FIGHTS AGAINST GOOD WHEN *THE SKULL*, CROSSES WITS, BRAWN AND GUNS WITH THE BLACK HOOD..... THE WORLDS MOST MYSTERIOUS CRIME BUSTER..... *And*
THE WIZARD - THE MAN WITH THE SUPER-BRAIN *with* ROY THE SUPER-BOY ARE WITH US AGAIN IN THIS SMASHING, ACTION-PACKED MAGAZINE! ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!

KAYO WARD

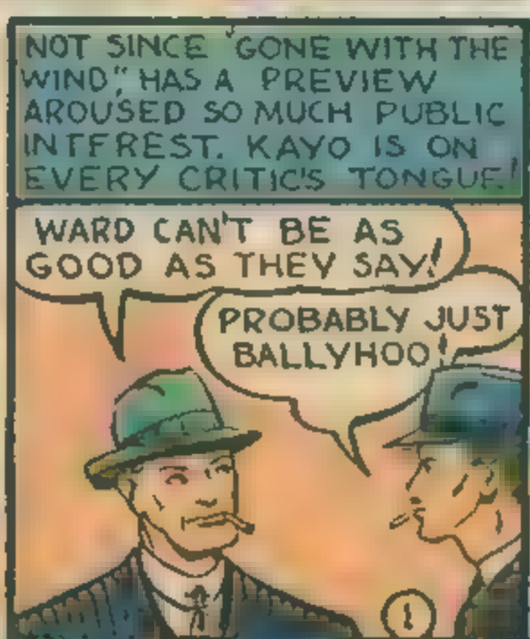

KAYO WARD IS SUPPOSED TO BE RECUPERATING IN HOLLYWOOD FROM THE JOE LOUIS FIGHT, BUT HE HAS BEEN COAXED INTO BECOMING A MOVIE ACTOR BY THE EXOTIC ACTRESS, RUPY LA VEZ.
by BOB WOOD — AND HARRY SHORTEN


THAT'S FINE KAYO CUT —
SET 5

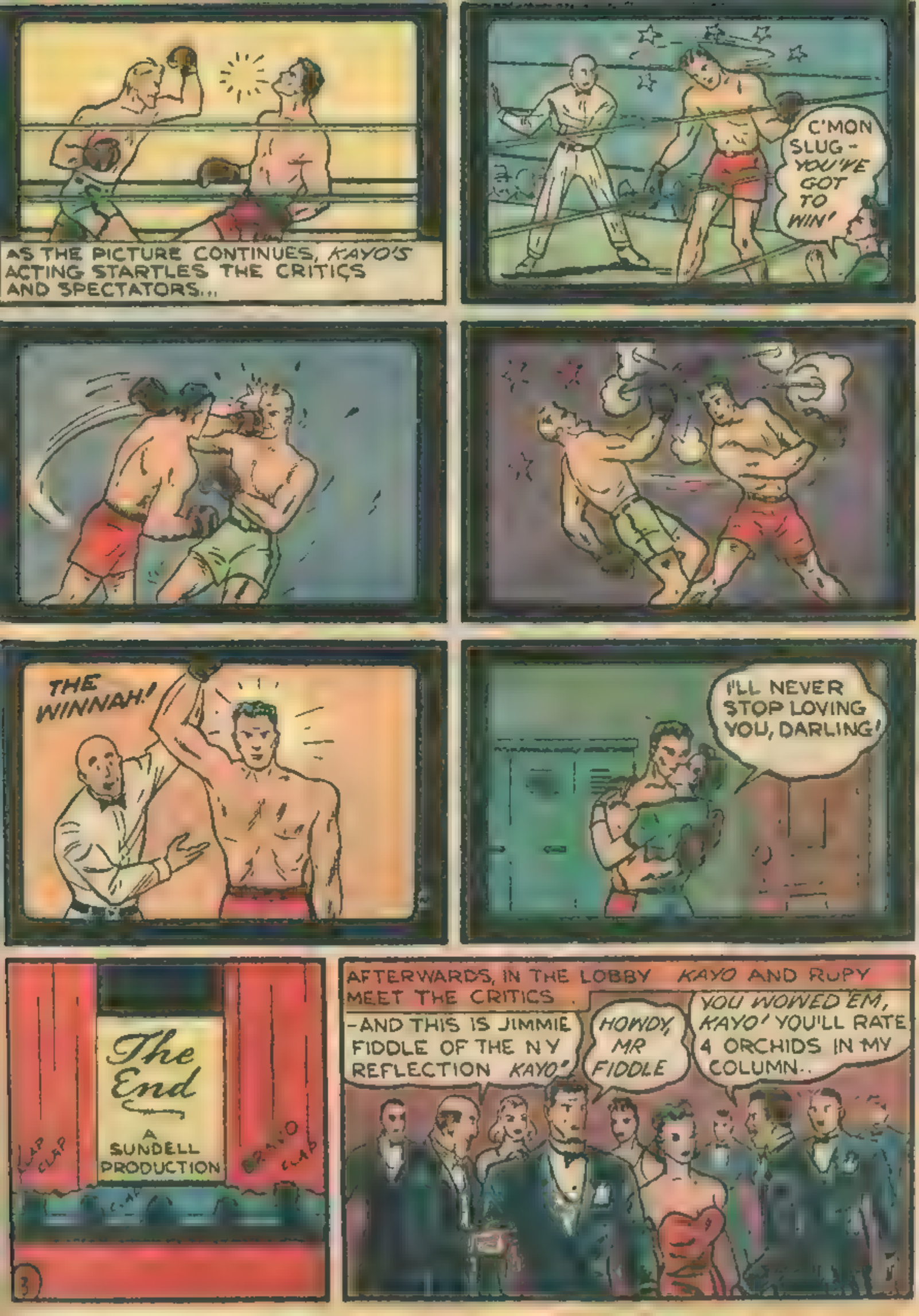

KAYO HAS EARNED THE JEALOUSY OF RONALD SLEEK WHOSE ROLE HE HAS TAKEN
HOW DO YOU EXPECT A PUNCHDRUNK FIGHTER TO KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ACTING?
BETTER NOT SHOOT YOUR MOUTH OFF, SLEEK!


IN THE OFFICE OF MORTIMER J. GINSBURG — KAYO'S PRODUCER —
THE PICTURE'S FINISHED — M J.!
GOOD...WE'LL HAVE A PREVIEW RIGHT AWAY!

GLOBE
VIEW OF "HOT LIPS
HOT FISTS" AT CHINESE
HEATRE TONIGHT
KAYO WARD'S
1ST PICTURE


NOT SINCE "GONE WITH THE WIND," HAS A PREVIEW AROUSED SO MUCH PUBLIC INTFREST. KAYO IS ON EVERY CRITIC'S TONGUE!
WARD CAN'T BE AS GOOD AS THEY SAY!
PROBABLY JUST BALLYHOO!

AND HERE WE ARE IN HOLLYWOOD, FOLKS, AT GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATRE FOR THE PREVIEW OF "HOT LIPS AND HOT FISTS" —— AND HERE'S CLARK GABLE OVER ON MY RIGHT!
HELLO, EVERYBODY! KAYO WARD'S GOT ME WORRIED. IF HE'S AS GOOD AS I HEAR, I'LL MAKE AN APPLICATION FOR W.P.A. HA, HA!
SAY A FEW WORDS, CLARK.
BERGEN AND McCARTHY SOON ARRIVE
SAY SOMETHING FUNNY, CHARLIE, FOR THE FOLKS!
WHY SHOULD I? EVERYTIME I PULL A GAG YOU GET PAID FOR IT!
UH, UH! HERE THEY COME, FOLKS. THE ONES YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR. KAYO WARD AND RUPY LA VEZ!
GEE WHIZ!
OOH, ISN'T HE WONDERFUL
LET'S GET HIS AUTOGRAPH
GOSH! I HARDLY KNOW WHAT TO SAY. MISS RUPY CERT'NY IS A MARVELOUS ACTRESS.
HA, HA. SUCH MODESTY!
OH YES! AND I ALMOST FORGOT, RONALD SLEEK IS HERE, TOO! HE USED TO BE RUPY'S LEADING MAN, REMEMBER?
BAH!
2.
THE PREVIEW THEN BEGINS —
HOT FISTS AND HOT LIPS
FEATURING KAYO WARD AND RUPY LA VEZ IN TECHNICOLOR
AS KAYO IS FLASHED ON THE SCREEN, HE RECEIVES THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE —
KAYO WARD AS "SLUG" CARTER


AS THE PICTURE CONTINUES, KAYO'S ACTING STARTLES THE CRITICS AND SPECTATORS...
C'MON SLUG - YOU'VE GOT TO WIN!
THE WINNAH!
I'LL NEVER STOP LOVING YOU, DARLING!
The End
A SUNDELL PRODUCTION
CLAP CLAP
CLAP CLAP
AFTERWARDS, IN THE LOBBY KAYO AND RUPY MEET THE CRITICS.
-AND THIS IS JIMMIE FIDDLE OF THE N Y REFLECTION KAYO!
HOWDY, MR FIDDLE
YOU WOWED 'EM, KAYO! YOU'LL RATE 4 ORCHIDS IN MY COLUMN..
3

PRODUCER GINSBURG IN-FORMSTHE CROWD OF A CELEBRATION
AND NOW— FOLKS I'M GIVING YOU ALL A LITTLE PARTY AT PUNCHY'S PAVILION!
AT PUNCHY'S PAVILION— FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD HOT SPOT—
KAYO, MEET PUNCHY NOZENBLOOM, EX-LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT! HE OWNS THIS PLACE!
PLEASE TO MEETCHA, I'M CERTAIN!
ME TOO!
YOU SURE MADE A HIT, KAYO!
YOU 'AV MAKE ZE HIT WIZ ..... RUPY, TOO! KAYO. LET'S DANCE!
OH KAYO! YOU 'AV MAKE RUPY SOO HAPPY— WE WEEL 'AV SOO MUCH FUN TOGETHER, YES?
RONNY, WHO HAS BEEN LEFT OUT IN THE COLD, SULKS AT ANOTHER TABLE
FIRST HE STEALS MY PART IN THE PICTURE AND NOW MY GIRL— I'LL GET EVEN WITH THAT GUY!
RONNY HITS ON A PLAN
SAY, PUNCHY, YOU WERE A PRETTY GOOD FIGHTER, WEREN'T YOU?
DA BEST!
KAYO WARD SAYS YOU COULDN'T LICK A POSTAGE STAMP!
WHY, DA BUM! I'LL TEAR HIM APART!
YOU'VE GOT TO SHOW IT TO ME!
OKAY, I'LL BRING YOU BACK A FEW OF HIS TEETH!
4

DERE HE IS! HE'S GOT A NOIVE! I'LL KNOCK HIM INTO DA MIDDLE OF NEXT WEEK!
HEY, YOU, WARD, C'MON IN MY OFFICE I WANNA HAVE A LITTLE LITTLE TALK WID YOU!
WHY, UH, SURE! 'SCUSE ME, FOLKS!
PUNCHY'S BOUNCERS WATCH KAYO AS HE FOLLOWS THEIR BOSS
HEY, SNOOKY! LOOK..... SUMPIN'S UP!
YEAH, MAYBE DE BOSS NEEDS SOME STRONG ARM STUFF
SO I CAN'T LICK A POSTAGE STAMP, HUH..... WISE-GUY!
BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
SURE!
OH, OH! LET'S GET TO WORK ON THAT GUY
TAKE IT EASY, BOSS. WE'LL HANDLE DIS FRESH MUG!
DAT'S RIGHT, PUNCHY DON'T WASTE YER VALOOBLE TIME WID HIM!
BAM
SOCK
BIFF
HOLY CHEE!
DE GUY AIN'T HUMAN!
5
I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO GIT TO WOIK ON YEZ MYSELF.
I DON'T WANT NO TROUBLE WITH YOUSE PLEASE DON'T!

I'M GIVIN' YOU DA DOUBLE CORK-SCREW PUNCH! HERE SHE COMES!
THIS IS RIDIKERLESS
YOU ORTA KNOW BETTERN LEAD WITH YOUR RIGHT.
LEAD WITH YOUR LEFT, LIKE THIS!
WAKE UP PUNCHY.
HUH! WHAT ROUND IS IT!
WHAT A WALLOP! I GUESS YOU WERE RIGHT WHEN YOU SAID YOU COULD LICK ME!
I NEVER SAID THAT!
DID YOU FIX HIM, PUNCHY?
WHAT DO YOU THINK?.... AND DAT REMINDS ME!
!
YOU COULD USE A LITTLE FIXIN YERSELF!
DAT'S FER GIVIN' ME A WRONG STEER ABOUT A SWELL GUY LIKE KAYO
FRUM NOW ON WERE BUDDIES, KAYO. I FIXED DAT RAT, RONNY!
YOU'SE SHUNT OF DONE THAT.
THAT....THAT VIXEN, LA VEI IS TRYING TO STEAL KAYO FROM ME! I'M GOING RIGHT OUT TO HOLLYWOOD
LOOKS LIKE KAYO IS IN FOR A GREAT DEAL OF TROUBLE --A JEALOUS WOMAN IS MORE DANGEROUS THAN A DOZEN HEAVY WEIGHT CHAMPS.. DON'T MISS THE NEXT ISSUE OF PEP COMICS

IN THE CASTLE OF COUNT HASSAN ON THE MOORS!

YES, LADY STOWE! IS EVERYONE READY?

IS THE COUNT READY TO CONDUCT THE SEANCE?

WILL SOMEONE TURN OFF THE LIGHTS? BUT LEAVE THE CANDLE BURNING!

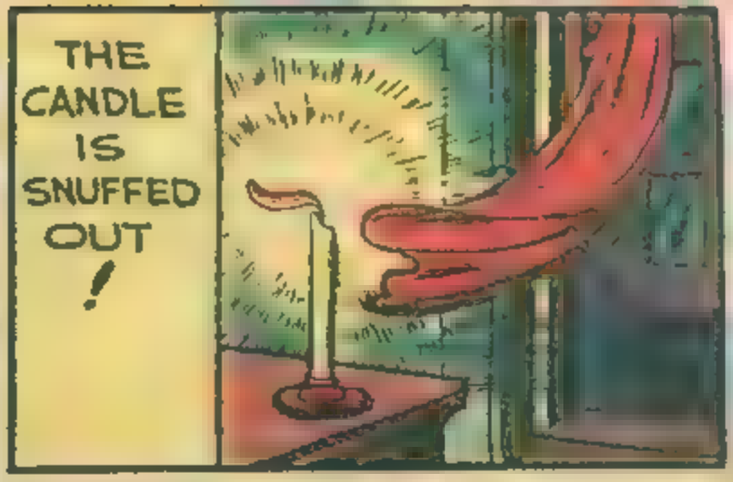
I'M FRIGHTENED, JACK!

NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF, PATRICIA!

IRENE SCOTT SNAPS OFF THE LIGHTS!

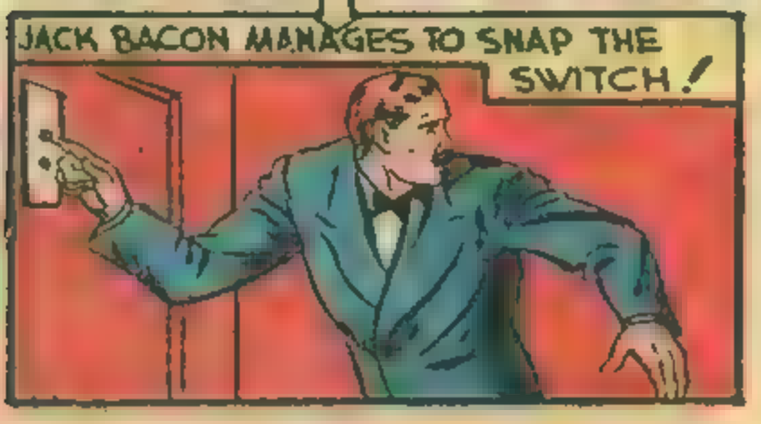
ALL RIGHT, COUNT! GET READY TO CALL THE SPIRITS!

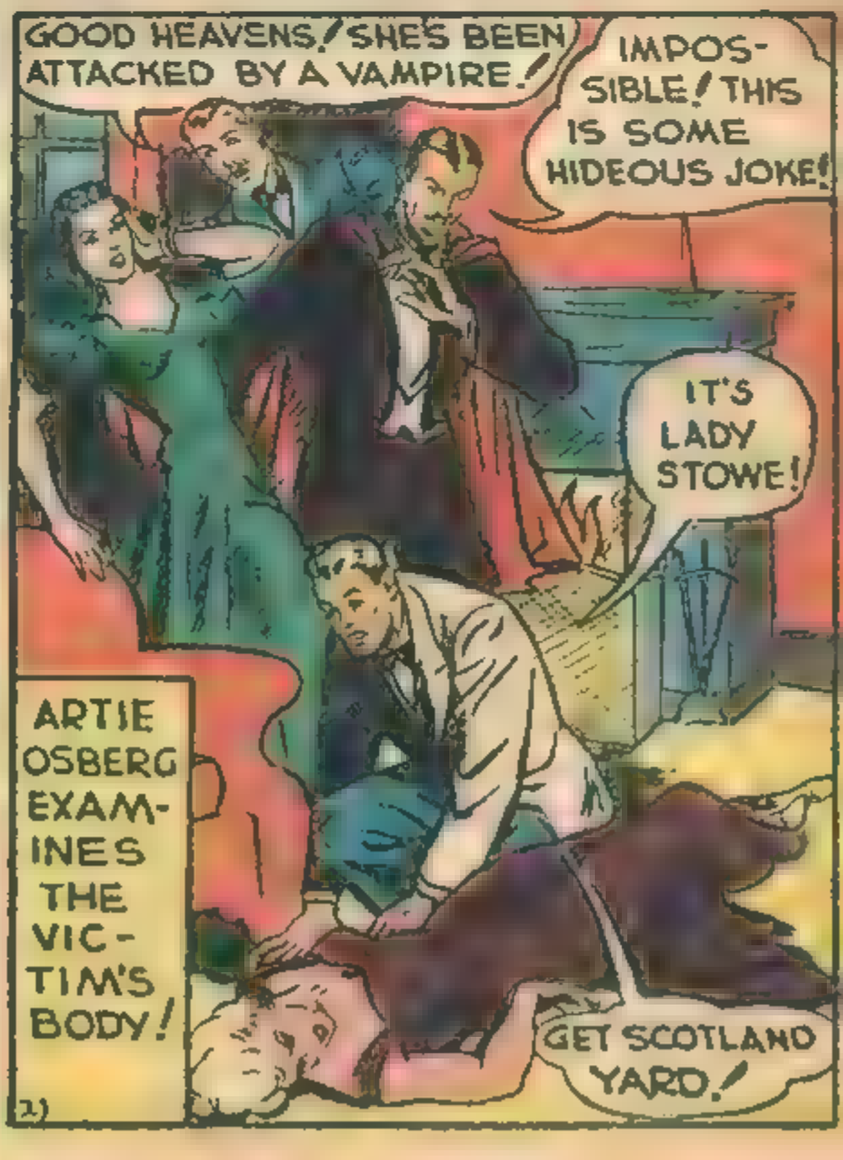
THE COUNT APPEARS TO GO INTO A TRANCE!
OH, SPIRITS OF THE DECEASED! WE AWAIT YOUR MESSAGE!


THE CANDLE IS SNUFFED OUT!

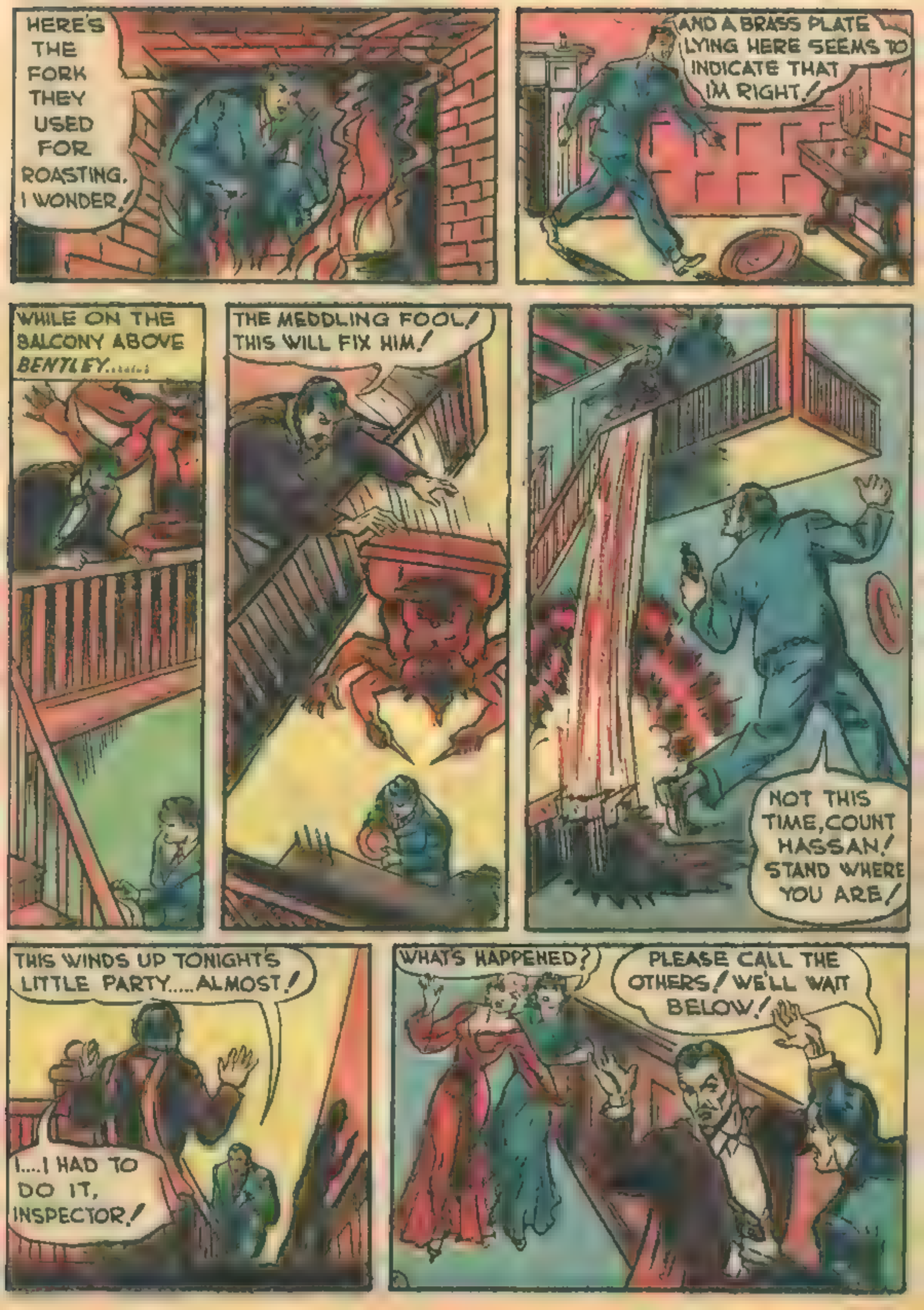
AS THE ROOM IS PLUNGED INTO COMPLETE DARKNESS....A HORRIBLE SCREAM RENDS THE AIR!
HHHEEELLLPPP!
OHHH!

TURN ON THE LIGHTS! QUICK!
LET ME OUT OF HERE!


JACK BACON MANAGES TO SNAP THE SWITCH!


GOOD HEAVENS! SHE'S BEEN ATTACKED BY A VAMPIRE!
IMPOS-SIBLE! THIS IS SOME HIDEOUS JOKE!
IT'S LADY STOWE!
ARTIE OSBERG EXAM-INES THE VIC-TIM'S BODY!
GET SCOTLAND YARD!

YES, THIS IS *INSPECTOR BENTLEY!* WHAT!!!...COUNT HASSAN'S CASTLE?.. ...I'LL LEAVE RIGHT AWAY!
WELL, HERE WE ARE! NOW TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!
BUT THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A VAMPIRE, *INSPECTOR!* SOMEBODY IN THIS ROOM MURDERED LADY STOWE!
PLEASE ALLOW ME TO DECIDE THAT, COUNT! NOW, IF YOU'LL ALL GO TO YOUR ROOMS.....
GOOD HEAVENS! IF WE'RE ALONE IN OUR ROOMS AND.....
YOU'RE LEAVING US UNPROTECTED IN CASE THE VAMPIRE COMES BACK!
I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING?
DON'T MIND HIM, *INSPECTOR!* GOOD NIGHT!
THEY'VE GONE! NOW TO DO A LITTLE INVESTIGATING!
THE COUNT MENTIONED SOMETHING ABOUT A MARSHMALLOW ROAST THEY HAD, BEFORE STARTING THE SEANCE.. ....HMM!
MARSHMALLOW


HERE'S THE FORK THEY USED FOR ROASTING, I WONDER!
AND A BRASS PLATE LYING HERE SEEMS TO INDICATE THAT I'M RIGHT!
WHILE ON THE BALCONY ABOVE BENTLEY.....
THE MEDDLING FOOL! THIS WILL FIX HIM!
NOT THIS TIME, COUNT HASSAN! STAND WHERE YOU ARE!
THIS WINDS UP TONIGHT'S LITTLE PARTY.....ALMOST!
I....I HAD TO DO IT, INSPECTOR!
WHAT'S HAPPENED?
PLEASE CALL THE OTHERS! WE'LL WAIT BELOW!

WELL, INSPECTOR.... I SEE YOU CAUGHT HIM!
ALMOST, MR. BACON! ALMOST!
HA! THIS IS YOUR LAST CASE, INSPECTOR!
YOU HAD MOST OF THE CASE STRAIGHT, BUT.....
SORRY I HAD TO DO IT, SIR!
IT'S A GOOD THING FOR ME YOU WERE THE AMATEUR FENCING CHAMPION OF THE CONTINENT!
I'M AFRAID YOU HAD IT COMING!
UGG!
I GUESS THAT'S THE END OF A MURDER!
UNFORTUNATELY, NO! THE PERSON WHO MURDERED LADY STOWE IS VERY MUCH ALIVE!
I HAVE NO MORE INFORMATION THAN ANY OF YOU, BUT WITH ALL THE EVIDENCE AT HAND, YOU SHOULD ALL KNOW HOW THE MURDER WAS COMMITTED, AND BY WHOM!
BENTLEY HAS SOLVED THE MYSTERY. HAVE YOU?
MARK YOUR CHOICE FOR THE MURDERER AMONG THE FOLLOWING.....
ARTIE OSBERG
PATRICIA SMITH
IRENE SCOTT
JACK BACON
SEE THE NEXT PAGE FOR THE SOLUTION.....

AS YOU ALL KNOW, COUNT HASSAN WAS SLIGHTLY DERANGED. THAT ACCOUNTS FOR HIS ATTEMPT TO SHOOT ME. BUT.....

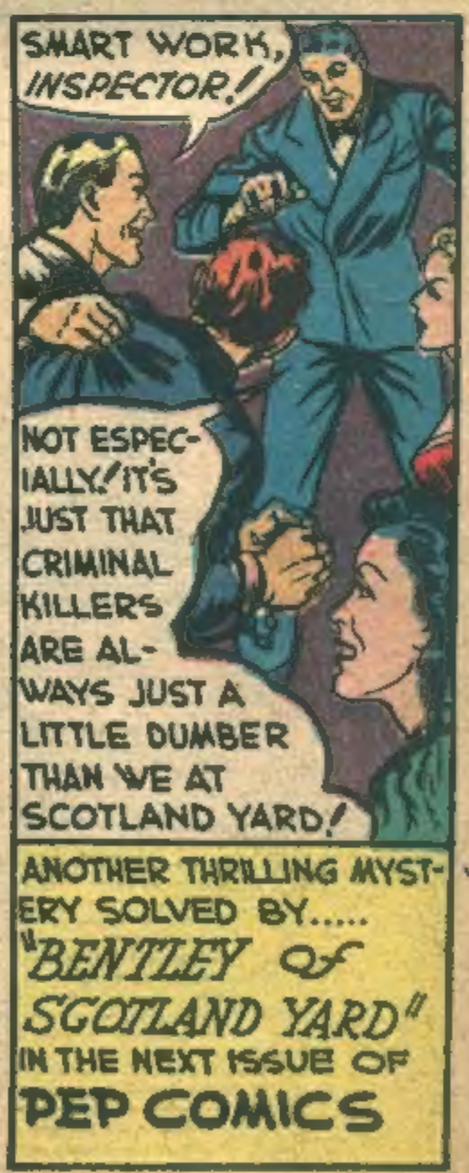
THE MARKS ON LADY STOWE'S NECK WERE NOT CAUSED BY THE BITE OF A VAMPIRE! THEY WERE INFLICTED BY THAT FORK ON WHICH YOU WERE ROASTING MARSHMALLOWS!

AFTER SLAYING HIS VICTIM, THE KILLER KNOCKED THAT PLATE ON THE FLOOR TO COVER THE NOISE THE FORK MADE WHEN HE THREW IT BACK IN THE FIREPLACE!

IN OTHER WORDS, THIS WAS A CAREFULLY PLANNED MURDER?
NOT AT ALL. THE PERSON WHO DID IT WAS AN OPPORTUNIST! WHEN THE CANDLE SUDDENLY WENT OUT, HE SAW HIS CHANCE AND MADE IT GOOD!

I'LL ADMIT NONE OF US LIKED THE OLD LADY; BUT WHO DID HER IN?
ONLY ONE PERSON HERE COULD POSSIBLY HAVE THRUST THAT FORK AS NEATLY AS IT WAS DONE! THAT MAN IS.....!

JACK BACON!
THAT'S RIGHT! THE AMATEUR FENCING CHAMPION OF EUROPE!
I DID IT! I DID IT! AND I'M GLAD! SHE SET ME UP IN BUSINESS AND THEN TRIED TO RUIN ME FOR THREE YEARS!
6


SMART WORK, INSPECTOR!
NOT ESPECIALLY! IT'S JUST THAT CRIMINAL KILLERS ARE ALWAYS JUST A LITTLE DUMBER THAN WE AT SCOTLAND YARD!
ANOTHER THRILLING MYSTERY SOLVED BY..... "BENTLEY of SCOTLAND YARD" IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF PEP COMICS

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